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A Midsummer Prayer

BY THEE, O Lord, the year comes to its fullness and the harvest fields grow ready for the reaper. Thou makest the sunwarmth for the yellowing grain and Thine are the refreshening rains that quicken the parched earth and feed the springs of the hills and make the brooks sing on their journey toward Thy sea. Thou strengthenest ma- for labor; Thou givest to him in sleep and Thy presence is his deepest rest. Let our hearts sing for joy in the remembrance of Thy goodness. Let Thy love and mercy be our strength and consolation in the hour when trouble falls upon us, that we may accept and overcome it as Thy schooling for our souls. As Thou bringest the trees to growth and preparest a table both for man and beast, so feed and ripen our souls in the sunlight of Thy love that we may be ready for all the changes Thou shalt please to send. May the hours we spend in dear companionship under the wonder of Thy heavens, by shore or hill or in the shadows of Thy wood, be full of high and loving thoughts. Keep us in strength, that we may serve Thee. Deepen our joy in life and in the beauty of the earth, that we may find Thee everywhere. Let our eyes shine with the light of Thy indwelling Spirit and our whole life reflect the glory of the love of Christ our Lord. In his Name. Amen.

Written for The Congregationalist by
ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

Volume XCI 21 July 1906 Number 29

XUM

Up in the Berkshires

Poor denizens of the steaming city! We envy you not, though we would gladly exchange lots with you, if so be that your fresh-air children and industrial slaves might enjoy these heights. Massachusetts cared not for its birthright in these picturesque landscapes, so predatory wealth from Gotham owns them and seeks to fence them in with thick rows of trees and hedges. One exception to this is the modest cottage on one of our topmost peaks, where Senator Crane and his bride are spending their honeymoon. I have just come down from this summit (1,900 feet) and its unpretentious villa, Mt. Pleasant, which commands one of the finest views in the Berkshires. The house faces a magnificent intervale, with *Dalton* (Senator Crane's home) and *Pittsfield* in the middle distance and the Taconics and saw-toothed Catskills beyond. Wahconah Brook drops with the highway from this height, and forms the beautiful and legendary Wahconah Falls, which we pass on our way up, rehearsing the story of Nessacus and his bride, Wahconah, the beautiful daughter of the chief, Miahcomo. At the top we reach the little hamlet of *Windsor*, where Pastor Abercrombie has ministered for a year. Mt. Pleasant is only two miles away, and the senator, who is a member of the Dalton church (Dr. G. W. Andrews, pastor) is, nevertheless, a humble and generous worshiper in the modest church near by. It is his delight to take a party of friends there and mingle with the farmer-folk, shaking hands with all, leaving substantial tokens of his presence to help on the cause and cheer the pastor's heart with his friendly interest. Senator Crane is one of the best-loved men in all Berkshire, and every one rejoices in this new chapter of happiness in the story of his life. Things will be lively at Mt. Pleasant from now on, for awhile at least. A baseball "diamond" upon the senator's own grounds enables him to take his favorite recreation, and the men on the place, with neighbors, take part in the sport, the Senator himself actively participating in field, box or cage. *Dalton*, the seat of the large Crane paper industries, where all the Government bank note paper is made, is keenly interested in the advent of the presiding hostess in Senator Crane's household, and a royal welcome awaits her. The Dalton church, which shares in the rejoicing, is one of the strongest spiritually and materially in the county.

An unusual anniversary was celebrated by the Lenox church (Rev. C. J. Potter, pastor) June 13. One hundred years ago the present church building was dedicated, and this was a celebration of that far-off event. It brought together former pastors and members, and occupied an afternoon and evening with addresses and social hour, during which the celebrated hostelry, Curtis's, furnished an elaborate dinner to between two and three hundred persons. The pastor's complete and accurate address was noteworthy as a historical paper. Other addresses were given by former pastors, by Dr. Fritz W. Baldwin, whose wife was from Lenox, Hon. F. W. Rockwell and Mr. Henry Sedgwick. The modest church building, which crowns the hilltop, never looked more beautiful, and unstinted praise was lavished upon it.

Rev. William A. Wagner of Asbury Park, N. J., has entered upon his duties at South Church, *Pittsfield*. *Sheffield* also has a new pastor. *Lee* and *Stockbridge* are already favorably impressed with various candidates they have been hearing, and our quota of ministers is slowly filling up. The first church to lead off in installation services was *Great Barrington*, where Rev. Oscar E. Maurer of the Yale Divinity School, '06, was settled as its minister July 3. Mr. Maurer made a happy impression upon the large council gathered from all parts of the county. He is scholarly, earnest, social. Ex-President Eaton of Beloit, Professor Porter of Yale and Secretary Sanders took part in the services. From the present outlook, the principal church news of this section will be chronicles of installation for some time to come.

Our gospel tent is doing good work this summer in the rural regions, mainly so far in southern Berkshire. President Hopkins of Williams has just sailed for Europe. Dr. W. V. W. Davis of Pittsfield delivered the Commencement address in Yankton College, South Dakota, last month. Most of our Berkshire pastors are at their posts during the summer.

R. DEW. M.

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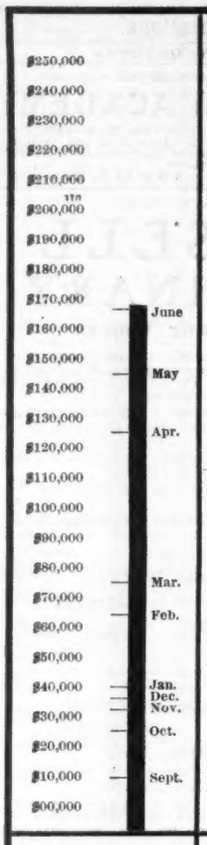

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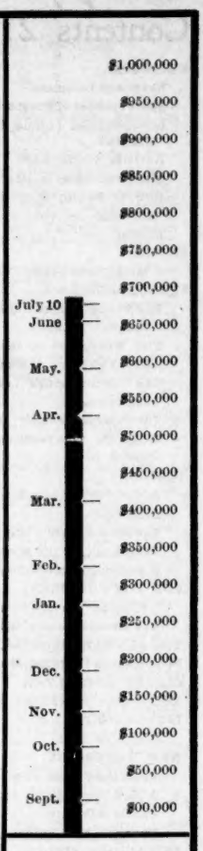

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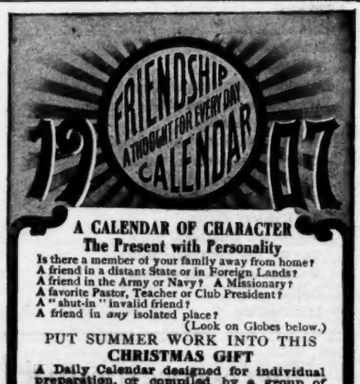

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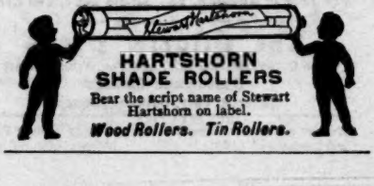

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THE CONGREGATIONALIST

and Christian World

Saturday
21 July 1906

Volume XCI
Number 29

Event and Comment

FORTY CHINESE youth arrived in Seattle last week in charge of Mr. Charles D. Tenney. They will go to Cambridge, Mass., and remain there during the summer, some of them in the fall entering educational institutions in and about Boston, and others of them going to the best of our Eastern colleges for men and women. These youth are sent, in most cases, by the Chinese Government, though a few are paying their own way and come either as representatives of the more progressive viceroys or of their wealthy and ambitious parents. Many of them will enter on scholarships especially provided for them as the result of negotiations entered upon when China's special commissioners were in this country last February studying our educational institutions. There is a decided and most significant movement of the Orient and Occident toward each other, the new China reaching out after the best of the Western learning, and the Occident eager and glad to show its best to such Orientals as these, who, by reason of their standing, wealth and culture acquired here, must of necessity have much to do with the future of the mighty empire, which at last is aroused and fast following in the steps of Japan. Mr. Tenney, who is charged by the Chinese authorities with care of these students while they are in this country, is an American of eminence who has served progressive Chinese viceroys of late, and like Rev. Dr. W. A. P. Martin is one of the most influential of American secular educators in China.

Welcome Chinese Students

A SOVEREIGN LAW of the state forbidding gambling, strict enforcement of the same law, and an "imperfectly educated public," not aware of the delights of horse racing with gambling attachments, have contributed to make the new race track at Salem, N. H., a decidedly unprofitable venture for its New York promoters. These men however are tenacious. Already in Boston and other journals published within the territory to be drained of its cash, begin to appear intimations that the next New Hampshire legislature must be influenced to make a less strict law. The various business interests which profit by racing and the crowds it draws when gambling is permitted, are, it is said, to be induced to bring pressure to bear upon legislators. It is even suggested by a wealthy citizen of Concord—see the Boston *Herald*, July 16—that gambling by pool selling be made a matter of right or wrong according to the will of the local community, that is, that the principle of local option prevail in the Granite State. "Forewarned is forearmed." Churches, schools, libraries, fraternal organizations, women's clubs, should get in line to offset the pressure upon new and old legislators from other citizens of the state and non-resident promoters of racing, who plan to adjust law to an ethical ideal that confessedly is relative—not absolute—and whose motive in invading New Hampshire, it is admitted, is personal or group enrichment. This is a matter of profound concern to Massachusetts and Maine as well as New Hampshire. Already the establishment of this track has caused the publication of news, in journals which penetrate to remotest hamlets, of a sort which panders to the gambling instinct in the average man, and which aids gamblers wherever they are found.

Local Option in Gambling

EVEN A CONFIRMED individualist of the ultra Jeffersonian type finds it difficult to object to such social service as the Boards of Health of Massachusetts and New Hampshire have rendered during the past week by publication of analyses of foods now sold in stores. The disclosures of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, respecting meats canned in Chicago by some of the most prominent packers there, notably Armour & Co., are damning, and will lead to suppression of the sale of such foods in Massachusetts and must lead to cessation of purchase in the country-at-large as soon as the facts are known. Equally beneficial, of course, is the indorsement given to other brands of canned meat, which analysis has proved to be what they purport to be, namely, muscular tissue free from pernicious preservatives. The report of the New Hampshire Board of Health, like the Massachusetts report, is detailed in its naming of men and of firms, and discloses how much of the bottled and canned goods of today is adulterated or lacking in what the label says they contain, and deleterious to health. Men who manufacture this sort of goods are doubly miscreant. They not only steal customers' money, but they undermine health and slowly but surely take life. It is slow homicide they are guilty of and on a wholesale scale.

Pure Food and State Investigation

OUR RECENT EDITORIAL, The Ministers Wanted, in which we set forth the demand for men who will take charge of the churches located in hard fields both in city and country where to some extent they will have to create new constituencies in part out of foreigners and people in humble circumstances, has already brought us a number of replies. Pastors in different parts of the country intimate a willingness to enter upon such fields of labor. In our Readers' Forum this week, one of these letters, stripped of what might identify its writer, appears. We have been much touched by the evidence the correspondence affords of the eager desire of men to make their lives tell. To some the item of salary is and must be an important consideration on account of the demands of their families, while to others the wish to remove from their present post of duty seems to be prompted chiefly by a sense of limitation of opportunity where they are. No man of spirit, whether young or middle aged, wants to spend many years in over-churched communities, ministering only to the saints and doing a work which while not to be depreciated in itself, is hardly commensurate with his abilities. One man, for example, writes: "I am not hunting for a different field, only I feel that some one else could do this work here as well as I can, while I might do a work for which there are not so many men available. I want my years, be they many or few, to tell most for my God and for my fellowmen. . . . If there is need of a man somewhere, who has knowledge of, and sympathy with the immigrants, I am ready for such work; if not, I can stay here and continue my present work in this corner of the Lord's vineyard." To get the right men in fields whose cultivation is so difficult but at the same time so imperative, is one of the pressing problems before the churches today.

The Ministers for the Hard Fields

THE PASSING OVER of Mr. J. Phelps Stokes of New York City from the ranks of radical reformers on individualistic lines to formal identification with the socialist movement and Socialist party deserves thoughtful consideration, for, in this attitude, he is not alone by any means, in the class of wealthy and socially privileged people among whom he was born and brought up. Chicago has several young men of the same class. Mr. Stokes admits that he has held the philosophy of socialism for some time, but that "the intense bitterness and ill-will manifested by many socialists toward nearly all persons who approve and support the capitalist system" and "the gross materialism, economic and otherwise, of very many socialists" has held him back from formal identification with the movement. Without abating in any way his idealism and rejection of the materialistic creed, he now believes that the bitterness and ill-will referred are in no wise chargeable to the socialist philosophy as such, but are the fruit of monopoly, extortion and oppression. Mr. Stokes when heard at the Boston Congre-

Mr. Stokes as a Socialist

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gational Ministers' Meeting, a few weeks ago, disclosed fine ethical passion but did not impress the audience with any marked intellectual ability or grasp of the economic situation. His wife, formerly Miss Rose Pastor, did show such ability, and she probably has his conversion to her credit.

Ice Trust Men in Jail

INDIANAPOLIS, Hartford, Washington, Philadelphia, and notably Toledo, O., have been testing during the past few weeks the rights of consumers as over against local ice trusts, and here and there they have forced reduction in price. In almost every case moral if not legal proof has been furnished of conspiracy to extort from the public all the traffic will stand, this summer's shortness of supply facilitating a marked increase of price. Toledo, however, has the unique credit up to date of actually jailing five men found guilty of conspiracy and extortion by the courts, notwithstanding their respectable station in life and their political pull. How it was done and by whom, the mayor of Toledo tells in the current *Collier's Weekly*. This summer was not precisely the psychological moment for the Ice Trust to put the screws on consumers, and it is finding it out. Testimony given by the president of a Kansas City ice company last week showed that beginning with a capital of $600 six years ago he had made $45,000 the first year, and was now the head of a $400,000 corporation. He admitted that artificial ice could be made for $1 85 a ton, and that small consumers paid at the rate of $10. He confessed, too, that he was not in the business as a philanthropist. It would seem not. All consumers ask is that men keep out of the business who are extortioners.

Northfield and Silver Bay

THE VARIOUS summer religious assemblies are bringing to their patrons the pleasure and profit customarily associated with such institutions. At Silver Bay this week the gathering of editors and writers of Sunday school lesson helps and of missionary secretaries has been facing the problem of introducing the subject of missions into the curriculum of the Sunday school. The conference of foreign missionary secretaries at Nashville last March strongly favored the idea, and the next step is to produce the material. The outcome of this conference at Silver Bay will doubtless promote the end in view. Following closely on this gathering of experts is a more popular one made up of young people of all denominations connected with the Young People's Missionary Movement. It will be in session all next week and promises fully to equal the standard set by former gatherings. At Northfield the conference now going on is also of a missionary type under the auspices of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the United States and Canada. This lasts during July 24, and before it is over the summer school for Sunday school workers will begin. These specific conferences both at Silver Bay and Northfield, put much emphasis on systematic daily study, while the general conference of Christian workers which will be in session at Northfield Aug. 3-19, is designed this year to increase interest in pastoral evangelism. A number of successful pastor evangelists will conduct informal conferences on method. The list of platform speakers is headed by Dr. Campbell Morgan and includes two other Englishmen, Dr. Johnston Ross and Dr. Hutton of Liverpool, who is considered one of the strong men in the Presbyterian Church in England.

Episcopalians at Northampton

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CHRISTIANS have been made welcome to the Seabury Conference, which has been in session during the past week at Northampton. It is a distinctively Episcopalian organization, projected and largely controlled by laymen, which undertakes to promote interest in missions at home and abroad through the employment of the summer school idea. The annual conference has hitherto been held outside of New England, but it was good strategy to invade this year such a stronghold of Puritanism as Northampton traditionally is. The Episcopalians showed prescience years ago in building a beautiful church edifice close to the grounds of Smith College, and this Seabury Conference has practically monopolized the college grounds and buildings, thus demonstrating the possibility of utilizing an educational plant during the absence of its students for religious ends. Among the speakers at this Seabury Conference have been Dean Hodges of Cambridge, Talcott Williams of Philadelphia and Frank K. Foster, the labor leader. It looks as if the summer conference idea were increasing in favor in all religious bodies and would be extended and modified year by year to further specific religious ends.

San Francisco's Perils

WITH THE RETURN OF SALOONS to San Francisco the city's revenue will increase, inasmuch as the license fee has been increased. There also will return all that goes with indulgence in intoxicants under most untoward conditions. With police forces very inadequate even under a no-saloon *régime*, the outlook for the future is dark, and even conservative men are advising residents, and especially women, to go armed. Developments during the past week in the political world indicate that the thieves in and out of office who have been "grafting" at an extraordinary rate, have fallen out with each other and that scandalous revelations impend affecting the integrity of the mayor, whose conduct during the earthquake and subsequent to the earthquake had bettered his local and national reputation.

Combining Educational Interests in Southern California

IN STRIKING CONTRAST with the intention of Presbyterians to start a denominational college in Colorado, notwithstanding the fact that for many years Colorado College at Colorado Springs has been such a center of Christian influence, is the scheme well under way in Southern California to unite the leading denominations in the support of one Christian institution. Our college, Pomona at Claremont, of which Dr. George A. Gates is the capable and enthusiastic president, has in less than twenty years become strongly established and the possessor of handsome buildings, an endowment of almost $300,000 and a student constituency of about 500 young men and women. Strongly equipped as it is and commanding the situation, it does not wish to limit its usefulness to the denominational field. President Gates has been instrumental in securing several interdenominational conferences at which representatives of the Baptist, Christian and Congregational bodies have informally considered the wisdom of an interdenominational and perhaps, eventually, undenominational educational plant of which Pomona College will be the nucleus. The three denominations are about equally strong in Southern California, each having perhaps ten thousand adherents. The Baptists and Christians have as yet no college, though they have in Los Angeles a building of some financial value which might be utilized in some way in connection with the proposed merger. The outlook for unity is encouraging, inasmuch as the leading ministers of the three denominations favor it, while little opposition has developed. On the face of it, the proposition is big with promise, directly in line with the growing spirit of unity in the world and so manifestly in the interest of economy and efficiency that we expect to to see the plant consummated in due time and we have the impression that the enterprising spirit of the Pacific coast will not permit so good a thing to be long delayed.

Secretary Taft and Southern Republicans

SECRETARY OF WAR TAFT, addressing North Carolina Republicans last week, committed himself, and the Administration to some extent, to acquiescence in Southern legislation which has worked practically to nullify the War Amendments intended to insure manhood suffrage to the Negro. What effect this declaration will have on the Northern Negro vote remains to be seen. Mr. Taft would have the Republican party of the South cease to be mainly a party of actual or would-be Federal office holders. With the Negro race problem, as he thinks, solved on its political side by post-Reconstruction state legislation, he sees no reason why the South should not begin to divide on national issues instead of remaining constant to the Democratic party, and once more become a field of contest between national parties and commanding personalities who may lead them.

President Roosevelt Peacemaker

RUSSIA and Japan at Portsmouth ceased warring and agreed on terms honorable to both, because President Roosevelt used his personal and official influence to make peace. A second chapter in this record of his career apparently must now be written. Guatemala and Salvador, minor Central American Republics, at odds over invasion of territory and indemnity for the same, took to fighting last week. President Roosevelt at once instructed our representatives in those countries to proffer our services as arbitrator and peacemaker, and at the same time brought influence to bear on Mexico, which has influence to the south of her and which desires conditions of peace there, to aid us in our policy of good will. Both govern-

ments have accepted the tender of our good offices, have agreed to stop fighting and meet on a vessel of our navy in conference for adjustment of differences.

MR. BRYAN, having had opportunity in London to study the American press and the trend of comment on his possible renewed candidacy for the presidency, has let it be known that while he believes he is conservative in so far as he is loyal to the old Jeffersonian principle of individualism and "Least governed best governed," he also wishes it to be known that his conservatism does not mean that he has changed his position on any public question now before the nation or moderated his opposition to corporation aggrandizement. As for the silver issue, as a bi-metalist in principle he says that he has not changed, but he admits that conditions in the supply of money metal have altered so that it is not as necessary as it was in 1896 to demand that silver be mined or coined. He has no hostility to corporations as such, only to those "organized for purposes of public plunder." He does not think the Democratic party will inspect narrowly the credentials as to regularity of standing of any who may wish to work with it, provided there is sincere agreement on present issues. Eleventh hour comers may enter the vineyard and share the rewards.

Mr. Bryan's Positions

MR. HALDANE, Minister of War in the British Liberal Ministry, is a Gifford Lecturer, a philosopher of eminence and a man of high character. His intellectual and moral powers have enabled him to master the intricacies of the British Army system, detect its abuses and weaknesses, defy the coterie of bureaucrats and aristocrats who have dominated the department hitherto, and to recommend to Parliament a very marked reduction in the size of the imperial forces and corresponding reduction in taxes for military purposes. At the same time he has shown himself sympathetic with the ideal of universal disarmament and has committed Great Britain to reduction of her forces independent of action by other Powers, which, of course, is far more likely to come now that Great Britain has shown the way. Mr. Haldane, also, as indicated by an address made last week at Pimlico, is profoundly concerned with the spiritual worth and destiny of the soldiers under him. He is reported as saying that, although he was not connected with any particular denomination, he held "the profound conviction that unless those concerned with the welfare of the soldier strove to awaken in him a sense of his infinite worth, they would never succeed in their work. Soldiers and sailors, he said, are liable to temptation, as are all men, but a safeguard was the consciousness that man is as necessary to God as God is to him." He said, too, that the Army Council had decided to appoint a committee as part of the regular army organization, charged with looking after the spiritual needs of the soldiers on a broad and comprehensive basis. All churches would be represented on this committee, and it would also include distinguished laymen who appreciated these matters.

Fewer British Soldiers and Better Ones

OUR ENGLISH BRETHREN continue to set us a fine example of zeal, strategy and perseverance in metropolitan Christian work. The Forward Movement with which Methodists have been chiefly associated in the past seems of late to have inspired Congregationalists to great activity. In Manchester they have just inaugurated a church extension movement which proposes to raise $500,000, of which one woman, Mrs. Rylands, has already given a fourth. The fund will go to the creation of churches of an institutional type. Birmingham Congregationalists also, under the lead of Rev. J. H. Jowett of Carr's Lane Chapel, are attacking city problems with energy, while in London the other day, the corner stone was laid with considerable ceremony of a new institute for Claremont, the oldest of the three great missions of the London Congregational Union. In four years it has established its influence in the heart of one of the poorest districts, doing for the congested population what Silvester Horne at Whitefields is doing for the middle classes. In this case, also, a large subsidy from one source has helped provide the necessary equipment, but London Congregationalists generally are deeply interested in this work in the down-town districts. An interesting feature of the movement throughout Great Britain is the fact that the ablest spiritual leaders like Mr. Horne and Mr. Jowett, and some of the strongest laymen and women of the denomination are heart and soul in it. Moreover, the work is developing talent and bringing to the front men hitherto relatively unknown, like Rev. Mr. Newland of Claremont. The methods of approach lay much emphasis upon the constantly open church, the formation of classes and clubs, and ministration to all sides of human need. Here, for example, is a quotation from a pamphlet setting forth the purpose of Claremont Institute:

English Congregationalists and City Work

> The supreme purpose of Claremont is not to make Congregationalists, not to make Nonconformists, not to provide entertainment, but to save men and women, to brighten their lives, to make them feel that here is an ever-open church which they may look upon as a home—a place where, weary and jaded and sick at heart though they may be, they may realize the sunshine of Christ's love, see the silver lining of the cloud, count their blessings, gain strength for the fight.

A splendid idea for America as well as England.

IN RUSSIA the cause of the people, best conserved by the Constitutional Democrats with an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary policy, has made headway, and it really begins to seem as if the Czar would soon grant a Ministry responsible to the Parliament, headed possibly by M. Paul Miloukov, well known in this country to friends of Russia and for a time professor in the University of Chicago. His demonstrated capacity as a leader, tactful and yet alert and aggressive, and his knowledge of Western Powers and their forms and methods of government make him a likely candidate for the place. The power of the bureaucracy visibly wanes; the army's disaffection increases rapidly; the peasantry grow more and more insistent on appropriation and partition of the crown and church lands. M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieau, foremost French authority on Russia, in an interview describes the present era as one of a slow-measured but epoch-making revolution, involving the crown unless it makes its peace with the Constitutional Democrats. In case of an overthrow of the dynasty it will insure grave trouble in the future, arbitrary autocracy, however, already having been doomed in the opinion of M. Leroy-Beaulieau, who thinks the only way the Czar can save his throne is by permitting the formation of a Ministry responsible to Parliament.

The Douma Gaining in Power

The Penalties of Prosperity

This nation today is paying for its extraordinary and sustained prosperity: paying in the prevalent materialism, paying in the menace of misgoverned cities, paying in the sense of shame over the revelations of corruption in social and industrial life, paying in its lowered reputation abroad.

Many a man is paying today for his prosperity in the blunting of his finer nature through absorption in material things, in the envy and, perchance, hatred of those who formerly thought kindly of him, in the waywardness of his children whom he has too fondly indulged, in his growing indifference towards the great human problems of our time, in his utter forgetfulness of the claims of God's law and of the way of Christ.

These are not the necessary penalties of growing rich, but history and observation both show that they follow almost inevitably in its train. Nothing is more disastrous morally than prosperity, unless certain neutralizing influences are constantly at work. Jesus set forth plainly the perils, not only of riches, but of the process of getting rich. He warned his disciples against the dominance of the acquisitive spirit. The only thing that can prevent prosperity from smothering the best life of the soul is the restraining power of ideals, plus that restraining grace of God from which any man severs himself at his peril.

We are referring now, of course, to the natural demoralization so constant in its attendance upon the process of acquiring wealth, not to those forms of discipline which God uses in the cases of rich and poor alike to open their eyes to the meaning of life and to strengthen and beautify their characters. It sometimes seems, indeed, as if rich people often had peculiar trials and sorrows, which go far towards offsetting houses, lands and luxuries. But God has no antipathy to the rich as such. The penalties, if they come, are not arbitrarily inflicted, but grow out of the actual possession of good things unaccompanied by the ability to master them in the interests of the spiritual life and the kingdom of heaven. The forward march of civilization depends upon the individual desire for success; but for the individual to stake everything upon acquiring a fortune is such a reversal of the ethics of Jesus that it cannot fail to meet with the merited judgment of God.

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We all know persons who are becoming well to do or even wealthy. It is interesting to watch the effect of prosperity upon them. We are happy in knowing some who are not being coarsened by prosperity or hardened against their fellowmen, whose charities tally with their personal expenditures, who dominate their possessions instead of being dominated by them, who consider themselves Christian stewards, intrusted for a time with a little more money than the average man in order that they may serve their fellowmen more effectively. Upon such prosperity no penalties such as we have described will come so long as they keep near to God and responsive to the claims of brotherhood.

As we watch the rich men of our age and with our best judgment differentiate between them, so we may be sure that God is watching this great and prosperous nation to see whether it can endure an era of gain and power better than Assyria or Babylon or Greece or Rome. If we will be warned by history we can so shape its policy and conduct its affairs as to make our wealth a boon to mankind; but if we follow after other gods of vanity and pride, and revel in wantoness, the penalties of our prosperity are sure.

Liturgical and Judicial Reform in the Church of England

Two years ago the situation in the Church of England arising over alleged abuses of the Church law in matters of ritual became so acute that a royal commission made up of representative men of the three parties in the Church was appointed. A unanimous report recently made by it is creditable to its members, for though unanimous, it is far from weak or temporizing. Breaches of ritual and defiance of plain law by clergy of each party have been found in a sufficient number of cases to lead the commission to call for a thoroughgoing revision of the law or rubrics defining the Church's position and requirements, in order that there may be a twentieth century expression of the mind and heart of the Church, and a clearer definition of the respective authority of bishops and the ecclesiastical tribunals. This task of revision, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury calls the Church in a statesmanlike letter, will compel the clergy and laity of the Established Church to set about a task immediately that will divert their minds for a time from aught else.

It will not be easy to reconcile the conflicting points of view within the Established Church. The laity of the Church by no means will welcome complacently propositions increasing clerical authority, or legal entrenchment of the so-called "Catholic" party. In determining the future place of the Athanasian Creed a storm may break revealing the profoundly radical differences as to fundamental doctrines which exist between Broad and High Churchmen. Moreover, even after the Church has completed the revision as it may seem best to her, it must be ratified by a House of Commons far less inclined than any preceding one to grant out of hand and without amendment, or possible veto, the will of an ecclesiastical legislature or the decree of an ecclesiastical court. Indeed the commissioners do not suggest this, their report being of an Erastian type and implying continued supremacy of the State over the Church.

From the loftiest spiritual standpoint, as well as of institutional pride and self-respect, in what a position this leaves the Church! As the *Christian World* remarks: "The innermost questions of the Church's doctrines are to be discussed and decided upon by a Parliament in which Nonconformists are preponderant, and by a Cabinet which contains Mr. John Morley, Mr. Burns and Mr. Lloyd George. . . . The Real Presence in the Sacrament is to be judged by the author of 'Diderot' and of 'Compromise'. . . . In the present temper of the public mind, both inside and outside the Church, an appeal to Parliament would in all probability be the beginning of the end."

The *British Weekly* doubts whether the bishops will dare to take the disciplinary steps the commission's report calls for, even under present law; and that the evidence—yet to be disclosed—as to the extent of Roman practices within the Church will prepare "the public generally, Anglicans as well as Nonconformist, for one solution—disestablishment and disendowment." The *Examiner* is sure that the report makes for Disestablishment. The *Christian World* believes that the report will start a fierce controversy within the Church of England—and in this the *Church Times* (Anglican) agrees with it—which will have two results, viz, it will facilitate the passage of the Education Act and hasten Disestablishment.

As loyal descendants of men whose theory of separation of Church and State has been amply confirmed by the happy experience of our own nation and is being accepted and tried by progressive nations everywhere, in modern Japan as well as in modern France, we look forward with confident hope to the triumph of this principle in twentieth century England and Scotland. "The stars in their courses" fight against a privileged religion and against such caste distinctions in the kingdom of God as an "Established religion" implies and as a matter of fact creates.

Revising Sunday Laws

A special committee of the Massachusetts legislature is charged with the duty of making an investigation and reporting to the next legislature a revision of the Sunday laws, with such amendments and additions as the committee may deem advisable. This gives power to open up the entire subject of Sunday observance, and it is by no means certain, from the makeup of the committee, that it will insist upon the present form of the laws.

This committee has organized and laid out a program which involves a thorough study of Sunday observance in all parts of the state. All persons with ideas to present will be invited to offer them to the committee, and the rules of cities and towns and the practices of street railways in maintaining parks for Sunday amusement will be laid before it. It will be for the friends of Sunday observance to make the most of this opportunity which has been put before them without any effort on their part, and it is to be expected that they will rise to the occasion. It will be in order for the churches to take action and to express their opinion to the committee. The issue will enter into the autumn campaign and into the election of every senator and representative, and religious organizations can make themselves felt directly by demanding before the nominations are made, that only such candidates be placed before the people as will support a rational Sunday law which will result in the correction of present gross evils. What is wanted is to prevent the disgraceful "entertainments" which have grown up under cover of religion and charity, and to save the day for religious and ethical, as well as physical betterment.

Certain incidents during the last few months have indicated that the New England Sabbath is gaining ground among the foreign element of the population. In the debate in the House of Representatives not long ago, the Puritan Sunday was openly supported by Messrs. Mellen of Worcester, McManus of Natick and Conway of Boston, all of them Irish Catholics, and the value of that Sabbath idea was exalted in a way truly worthy of a Puritan divine. Possibly many of this class may have come to see the value to themselves, as well as to the public, of a better observance of Sunday.

The Restoration of Dreyfus

Three malign forces combined to make Dreyfus, the Alsatian Jew, the common scapegoat for their evil purposes—militarism, anti-Semitism and clerical animosity toward the republic. Recent history has no incident in personal or national life so tragic in its implications, and in its outcome so encouraging to humanity's belief in a just God. Dreyfus today stands forth not only a free but an innocent man by judical decision and national parliament's legislation. He is restored to the army with a rank equal to that which he would have had had there been no horrible interval of persecution and soul-testing, and he is to be enrolled in the Legion of Honor. Nothing that the State can do to atone for the wrong done is being left undone, and Dreyfus takes the reversal calmly in an impersonal way, without the slightest trace of bitterness against his detractors and foes. The best comment on the latest chapter of the affair is Edwin Markham's poem, written when the earlier trial at Rennes was under way. It reveals Markham at his best, and shows the faith he has in the Eternal Justice. We quote in part:

Hell laughed its little hour; and then behold,
How one by one the guarded gates unfold.
Swiftly a sword by Unseen Forces hurled
And now a man rising against the world!

Oh, import deep as life is, deep as time!
There is a Something sacred and sublime
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong!
There is One greater than the whole world's wrong,
Be hushed before the high Benignant Power
That moves wool-shod through sepulcher and tower!
No truth so low but He will give it crown;
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down.
O men that forge the fetter, it is vain;
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.
'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer and nod,
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.

This chapter in church history certainly has confirmed men's faith in the

Eternal Rectitude, a revelation, however, only made possible by the loyalty of men like Picquart, Labori and Zola to truths of heart and conscience, which in turn came from God.

Problems of Life

How to be Joyful in Trouble*

"Ye have been put to grief in manifold trials," wrote Peter to the scattered Christians. It is the normal experience and one which makes a serious problem of the Christian life. Not merely to endure—one need not be Christ's disciple to be able to do that. Every one suffers and must learn to endure or die. The Christian problem is a different one. It is to endure joyfully. He is no distinguished Christian who suffers with grim endurance—shut mouth and weary eyes—much less he who endures with continual complaining. He is a normal and (alas, that we must say it!) an unusual Christian in whom the springs of inward joy are so full and rich that while he endures he also rejoices. The world needs the triumphant Christian, needs him and will be persuaded by him. Is this triumphant joy in the midst of trials out of common reach?

Surely it cannot be if we believe in God and in the working out of his divine and loving purposes. The problem of joy in trouble is the problem of the presence of God. Trouble is like the mist which spreads itself above the plain. We must walk there, for that is the appointed way. Shall we stoop, to lose our vision in the fog? Or shall we lift up our eyes to the hills of God toward which we journey? Let him who looks at troubles, look through troubles to the glory of God. Love is the remedy, the divine love which gives and claims, which provides for man and trusts him; which chose the school of earth's experiences, but sent to learn and suffer there his own beloved Son.

Is our Christian joy dependent on prosperity? Then it is a poor and transient thing. Shall we cease to be courageous when mists obscure the sun? Shall an ache or a pain suspend our confidence in God? Shall an irritated moment be like a thunder cloud across the sky to send us hurrying home to gloom and fear? Is God a greater or a less, a nearer or more distant reality than the passing trials of our lives?

One joy we should entirely miss if God had never sent us to this school of trial. That is the joy of overcoming. The conqueror's joy is not for cowards and complainers. It belongs to the open air of daring and endeavor; it is the reward of venturing for God. This is the joy which Christ offers, and he anticipates his own satisfaction in giving its reward. When you are disheartened and complaining, read again the repeated promise, "To him that overcometh I will give." The remedy for grief and fear is not retreat from the field, it is pressing to the front of the battle. Christ is there, and from that place of danger and of honor rings his call. "Follow me," he cries. Where he is are trials. But where he leads us are high hopes, courageous venturings and the joys of great endeavor and accomplishment.

*Prayer meeting topic for July 22-28. How to be Joyful in Trouble. Ps. 27: 1-14; 1 Peter 1: 3-12; 3: 8-18. Trouble as a school. Is our joy dependent on prosperity? The joy of overcoming.

In Brief

Have you tried an open air service yet? It isn't so very formidable and it may yield large returns.

Be not forgetful, O country church, of the strangers now within thy gates. Give them a chance to do something besides putting an offering on the plates.

The pastor who inserted in his summer announcements the beguiling words, "A cool auditorium," evidently believes in adapting methods to the state of the weather.

One of the first signs that the Puritan, Garrisonian era of the *Nation* is over and that new editors are at the helm, is the setting up of a department of gossip about actors, playwrights and stage folk.

That new senator from Kansas, whose Congregational and Christian qualifications for his high office are amply demonstrated in another column, will doubtless be in demand next winter as a speaker at Congregational Clubs in the East and Interior.

Massachusetts will celebrate Old Home Week July 29—Aug. 4, and Governor Guild, in formally inviting sons and daughters of the state to return says, "The commonwealth was never more prosperous, nor have the ancient landmarks of its history lessened in inspiration as the years have gone by."

Certain burglar insurance companies are withdrawing from New York City business because of the failure of its police to detect and punish burglars. In Chicago they are seriously talking of establishing the death penalty for men who assault women and children, so numerous and frequent of late, have such crimes of violence become.

The pastor of the Union Park Church, Chicago, Rev. F. N. White, has become a member of the local board of education, a body by no means of one mind on many issues of the hour. In an interview he defines his policy as one of indifference to the party slogans that now rend the board, and intention to go ahead and do his duty without fear or favor.

Pictures of Satan and minor devils and all other diabolical agents are to be boycotted hereafter by the National Bill Posters Association. We cannot quite determine the motive back of this. It may be disbelief in the existence of Satan or it may be an impulse to cease paying him the homage of advertisement. At any rate it is a suggestive proceeding.

Be persistent when you have the body of a drowned man to work over and bring to life. The Life Saving Corps of Point Judith, R. I., have just shown that a man twenty-three minutes under water can be saved, but only by artificial respiration, which lasted nearly two hours. We are coming to see that many a life has been ended by assumption of death and premature burial. "While there is life there is hope," is a saying that means more than it used to.

We knew Mr. Martin had won hosts of friends for himself in his "Corner," and the stream of letters and cards which are coming to us by every mail heaps up confirmation of the fact. These tributes come from individuals, from groups of friends and from entire families. We welcome you one and all, good people. Let no friend of The Corner stay behind. Encourage the children surely to send their names to be recorded on Mr. Martin's testimonial.

Massachusetts is about to enter on extension of state activities by supervision of a business hitherto left solely to citizens. The State Board of Education hereafter will receive and file applications of teachers for places, and in turn will furnish information to educational institutions seeking instructors. The board assumes no moral responsibility or supervisory authority, but hereafter will serve as a go-between, doing much of the work hitherto done by teachers' agencies.

Germany's highest judiciary has just affirmed decisions of a lower court fining a Roman Catholic priest in Constance for threatening a voter during an electoral campaign with denial of the sacraments if he did not vote for the Center (Roman Catholic) party in the Reichstag. Priestly authority and a high doctrine of sacraments are always possible if not probable foes to political liberty. The modern State is frequently called upon to teach the Roman Church its place.

Attention has been called to the fact that in the recent great debate in the French House of Deputies between M. Jaures, the Socialist leader, and M. Clemenceau, the real leader of the Ministry though not the Prime Minister, the latter said tauntingly to M. Jaures, "You are like Jesus Christ, who thought he was going to set the world to rights with his theories, and who only succeeded in conjuring up an era of violence and blood." Here is the conservative defender of society as at present constituted rather scoffing at the social teachings of Jesus. On the other hand, we turn to the *International Socialist Review* (July) and find an article on Why the Working Man Does not go to Church, in which the Socialist author says, "The modern labor movement *as a movement* is, and is bound to be, irreligious."

A riot in Pittsburg due to the protest of Croatian Roman Catholics over the assignment of a German priest to their congregation, and the reported determination of French Catholics in New England to let the Vatican authorities know in a decided way their dissatisfaction with domination of New England Catholicism by Irish prelates, both point to the troubles which the American Roman Catholic hierarchy have from multiplicity of races in this country. Just as we have often wondered how long the Roman Catholic Church at large would meekly surrender control of its policy to Italian cardinals and popes, so too, we often have wondered whether domination of the Church in this country by the Irish would always be meekly borne. The New England French, it is said, propose to collect and send Peter's Pence independent of the bishops and archbishop.

Exclusive Episcopal and English views as well as exclusive Independent and New England Puritan views have to give way on the mission field in the Orient to a more sensible and Christian ideal. Here is the Anglican bishop of Madras, in a sermon preached before the Prince of Wales on his recent tour in India, saying:

It is time for us to ask whether the idea of uniformity is sound, and whether it is in accordance with the highest purposes of God. The peoples of India are widely different from the peoples of the West. They differ widely among themselves. No uniform system of church government can ever be adequate to the wonderful variety of human life and character. It is quite safe to prophesy that it will never run in the exact channels cut out by the English Church. Therefore, to develop all that is best and truest in the life of Indian Christians, the Church should learn to lay hold of what is truly fundamental, and then with regard to all else extend a hearty toleration to the utmost variety and freedom.

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Personalia

Rev. Dr. Hillis is to spend part of the summer in getting ready for publication a book of essays on The Fortunes of the Republic.

John R. Mott has been spending most of the time since the Nashville Volunteer Convention at Nashville in distant parts of the earth, having visited South Africa and South America. He will probably return to this country before the first of September.

Rev. Lawrence Phelps, who is soon to lay down his pastorate at Leominster, Mass., after seven pleasant and fruitful years there, has accepted the chair of Biblical theology at Atlanta Theological Seminary and will begin his professorial duties there in the autumn.

Dr. J. F. Brodie, who has served so faithfully and successfully as treasurer and preacher at Fisk University, can no longer endure the climate of Nashville and has resigned his position. He will doubtless return to the pastorate, but is at present at his home in Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dr. Frank K. Sanders leaves Boston on July 24 for Wisconsin and South Dakota to attend two gatherings which bid fair to be of growing importance in those states. At the Bible Teachers' Association of Northwest Wisconsin, held at Elk Mound, Wis., he will co-operate with Rev. W. J. Mutch, Ph. D., of New Haven in promoting the study of Biblical and pedagogical problems. This association has gained an enviable reputation for a careful study at first hand of the facts which underlie the conclusions of students and teachers today. From Elk Mound Dr. Sanders will go on to Yankton, S. D., to attend for a few days the Summer Theological Institute, held under the auspices of Yankton College, at which will be gathered a large company of ministers and laity from an extensive section of the country west of the Missouri.

Missionary Enthusiasm Spreading Southward

A NORTHERNER'S IMPRESSION OF A SOUTHERN RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLAGE

BY REV. F. H. MEANS, WINCHESTER, MASS.

One Yankee Congregationalist among 262 people of other orders from all the states of Dixie land assembled at Asheville, N. C., recently, might "reckon" that he would feel somewhat out of place. It would have been so once, but not now.

The "spirit of power" manifest in this fourth Southern Conference of the Young People's Missionary Movement has been the same in kind that prevails at Silver Bay and elsewhere, and even greater in degree. Christians composing these assemblies are one in unity of purpose. They are too busy extending their great, common work to discuss differences of opinion.

There are gathered here in the castle-like inn, which overlooks George Vanderbilt's great domain, over 260 representatives of six different denominations, mostly Presbyterians and Methodists. Two-fifths of the delegates are men. Two prominent groups in the makeup of the conference are the pastors, professors and teachers, numbering about seventy-five and the Sunday school workers, missionaries and volunteers, who count up another fifty.

The atmosphere has been one of simple cordiality, of grace and dignity and of deep, quiet earnestness of purpose—with enthusiasm, but no hysterics. The aim of the conference, training for leadership, has been kept steadily in view through all sessions—Bible classes, normal class, four classes for the study of India and one large class of sixty members for the study of home missions as affected by immigration.

Other platform meetings have helped to deepen the impressions gained from careful study, and to gather its results; so that as the meeting breaks up today there are 145 who go away determined to organize and teach mission-study classes next year, and thirty-four others who are willing to lead normal mission-study classes for the enlargement of the supply of teachers.

When we think of all these new personal centers of serious missionary purpose scattered through all the Southern states, we can see how the influence of these conferences is steadily growing, stimulating interest in missions, and by so doing drawing together as has never been possible in the South to so great an extent as now, the several denominations.

The interest of the Southern people in the question of immigration is surprising in view of the fact that these states are but just beginning to receive an influx of foreigners. They expect more, however, and with good reason, as Galveston is to be made in the near future an important port of entry for Italians, and the railroads and the cotton mills are both seeking for immigrant laborers and settlers. Southern sentiment is divided, however, as to the encouragement of this new effort to distribute the inflow of foreigners. Capitalists say, "O yes, send us cheap workers; never mind their ignorance." Southern representatives in Congress, keenly alive to the burden of illiteracy and incompetency already resting upon the South, say, "No, keep the illiterates from coming into this country to increase our troubles." And that was the sentiment, by a vote of nearly two to one, of the members of the home missions class after a debate upon the "reading test" proposed by the "Gardner immigration bill."

Christian work for the highlanders and for the factory workers of the lowlands, both illiterate and lax in morals, makes great demands upon the people of the Southern churches, and was eagerly discussed. Work for the Negro is not a matter of indifference to them and is more upon the hearts of those who have lately taken the mission study course upon Africa.

So in many ways, and in all directions, the tide of practical missionary interest, involving problems of home communities, as well as those of the lands afar, is rising, and there is a growing disposition to give worthy and adequate thought to the study of these matters. The significant question was put to the conference by Dr. Phillips of Richmond, which we people of the churches must answer—"Do we dare to brave the perils of an unprecedented advance?"

Suburba among the Boston Churches

At Berkeley Temple

Suburba numbered among her friends a deacon, a Sunday school teacher, an assistant pastor and two ministers, who were or had been connected with Berkeley Temple. Also, she had for years a maid who viewed the suburban chapel where her employer worshiped with tolerant disdain. It might do as a makeshift—but when *she* went to church, nothing satisfied her but Berkeley Temple. Suburba had often meant to find out why she loved it so.

Up from the station in the clattering "L" train she journeyed, down past the boarding houses and liquor saloons and open Jew shops of Dover Street, to the brick building with its undulating spire, which is a religious and social center for this community. The blinding sun beat upon the pavements. Suburba looked in vain for a tree, but the ampelopsis crept lovingly up the walls of the Temple and a little sunken garden in the narrow strip between church and sidewalk was filled with flowers and verdure. Outside were noise and blazing heat; within, coolness, quiet, tempered light and soul refreshment.

In the ten minutes before service Suburba joined a party which the janitor was taking up stairs to visit the infirmary. Here was a suite of rooms with all necessary hospital equipment; office, supply closet, operating room with its suggestive table, and another containing a cot bed for massage treatment. Everywhere were freshly painted floors and a pervasive smell of disinfectants. Although other institutional features have been transferred to other agencies, the temple provides the rooms for this infirmary; and the pastoral helper, Miss Stillson, for two hours each morning receives the patients. The church also provides a local office for the Associated Charities.

Down in the auditorium the opening service, led by the pastor's assistant, G. H. Huntington, was just beginning as they entered. It was a happy combination of responsive reading and antiphonal singing. The music, essentially devotional and well rendered, formed a strong feature, though in midsummer the large chorus is reduced to a quartet, whose absence of hats, gloves and self-consciousness gave an impression of comfort and informality. The minister quietly stepped out on the open platform and with Bible in hand began talking about the Sermon on the Mount. His topic was The Light Men Love to Follow. Graphically, at times dramatically, he showed that it was the light held self-forgetfully high, which illumines the path but not the bearer, and leads to the Source of all light. It was a practical application of truth to the lives of his people as he knew them.

That he does know them was effectively shown after service, when most of the congregation lingered to chat with one another and to greet the minister. Evidently it was a church made up of a few households and many solitary ones, bound together in one big family. It was Mr. Stockdale's last Sunday before vacation and everybody wanted to speak to him. Suburba tarried to ask about the Fresh Air children whom the church was sending into the country, but she had to wait nearly three-quarters of an hour for an opportunity.

As she was borne down the aisle she could not help hearing the people confide to him their experiences. A sweet-faced lady with nerves all a-tremble described her fright when an automobile crashed into her front yard and she thought the earthquake had come. A mother told how "Frances had got a new place" and "liked it fine"; a father, of how Tom had lost his job and couldn't the minister find something for him?—a brilliant, high-strung girl confessed some foolishness, saying, "I know you'll think me horrid!" But he didn't, and she knew he wouldn't, else she never would have told. A woman brought a pitiful story of how a nurse in a celebrated case before the courts was turned from every position she secured when her connection with it was learned; and how was the poor thing to live? The minister looked anxious. How, indeed? It was one of his unsolvable problems. Several told how his sermon had helped them and said his absence would seem long but they hoped he would have a good vacation. And so did Suburba, for she knew he had earned it.

United States Census returns show 163,176 persons in almshouses in 1903, the proportion of paupers to population having steadily declined from 132 per 100,000 of population to 101 per 100,000 at the time the census was taken. This decrease coincident with a marked increase of population shows how the tide of prosperity in this country is running. Foreign-born whites show a greater tendency toward almshouses than native whites of either native or foreign-born parentage. More than three-fourths of the women paupers found in 1903 had been domestic servants. There may be fewer of these if present wages of domestic service continue.

The Sunday School Outlook

By George B. Stewart, D. D., President of Auburn Theological Seminary

It is a far cry from Denver to Toronto, from the International Sunday School Convention of 1902 to that of 1905. The difference was not so much in the program, or the resolutions, or the *personnel*, although in these and other respects the Toronto Convention of 1905 compared most favorably with the Denver gathering of 1902. The difference that was full of hope and promise was the spirit of progress that pervaded the latter convention and prevailed in its counsels. It is true there was some looking backward, there were leaders who tried to keep the breeching taut, there were moments when it seemed as if action would be re-action, nevertheless, those who believe that a great future lies before the Sunday school and that the school is to come to its own through reaching for the things that lie before rather than in clinging to the things that are behind, contemplate the Toronto Convention with joy and hope.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT

Probably this progressive spirit revealed itself most conspicuously in the action on the Advanced Lessons. The significant fact in this action was not that it was a reversal of the action of the Denver Convention, nor that it was an important step toward Graded Lessons, but that it was the expression, an almost unanimous expression, of confidence in the spirit of progress. A large part of the opposition to the Advanced Lessons was born of fear as to whither the movement for them would lead and of suspicion as to the motives of those in charge of it. At first at Toronto it looked as if the fear and the suspicion dominant at Denver and after would control there, but the final vote showed that their vitality was gone. This is the brightest ray in the Sunday school outlook. Those who are agitating for new methods, new lessons, new ideals are not henceforth to be regarded as destructive critics of the Sunday school but as its constructive friends, worthy of its confidence. A happy day is dawning for any institution when its conservative and progressive forces combine with mutual esteem and confidence for the promotion of its interests. This day has dawned for the Sunday school.

GRADED LESSONS

Whether we shall have lessons that are graded to the age, needs, progress of the pupils, or whether we shall continue the uniform lessons is still in debate. The concession made by the advocates of the uniform lesson in favoring the Beginners' Course and the Advanced Lessons is fatal to their principle and is full of prophecy of a coming scientifically constructed course of instruction for our Sunday schools. But it is prophecy that we have at present, not fulfillment. We still must work for and wait for a series of lessons that get somewhere, that have a beginning, progress and finish, that are for the purpose not of preserving interdenominational fellowship and continental uniformity but of giving our children systematic instruction in the Bible. Our children have progressive, systematic teaching in mathematics, and it is the Church's business to see that the Book and the child are brought together in such a way that the child will know the Book and that the Book will control the child. There never was fairer promise than now of that consummation.

THE SCHOOL-IDEA

We call these weekly meetings of the children on Sunday, "Sunday schools," but everybody knows that they are not schools in any adequate sense of the term. Some regard this divergence from the school idea as an excellence in the Sunday school and others as a defect. Those who look upon it as an excellence regard the Sunday school as pre-eminently a place for cultivating religious emotions and producing religious experiences. The children are there that they may be converted and started in the Christian life, and that they may receive the deepest religious impression. Those who regard the present neglect of the school idea as a defect in the Sunday school feel that the Sunday school can produce the best, most enduring results in character by aiming at, not exhortation, but instruction, not the inspiration and enthusiasm of a high-pressure religious service, but the inspiration and constraining power of the truth firmly lodged in the heart and clearly grasped by the mind. There is no real conflict between these two classes, although they seem so far apart, but whether they are irreconcilable or not, it is becoming apparent that the Sunday schools must become schools, or lose a part of their power. We must frankly abandon playing at school and in dead earnest adopt the school idea with school discipline, methods, organization. This may involve pretty radical reconstruction, but we may not balk. There are all sorts of difficulties in the way, and all sorts of objections can be offered, but the school principle is working out the salvation of the secular school and it will do the same beneficent work for the Sunday school. The secular school is far from its goal, but it is so far in advance of the Sunday school that it may well be its instructor and guide. It is now its severest, though silent judge and critic. Parent, teacher, child, are dimly or alertly conscious of the great superiority of the secular school, and they discount the Sunday school to such a degree that it is well-nigh fatal to its effectiveness. Nothing saves the Sunday school today from the contempt of those who are familiar with modern school principles, but their reverence for sacred things. Not reverence, but worth will ultimately save the Sunday school. Therefore, with all humility and dispatch it must flee from its fatuous indifference to the discipline, system, ideals of a real school, and invoke the aid of the best school principles to bring it to its own.

THE NEGLECTED SCHOOL

New ideas, new methods, new lessons are frequently received with the remark that they may do very well for some schools but not for "the average school." The "average school" idea we have worked pretty hard, and it might be well to give some attention to the exceptional school. This school is far more numerous than some Sunday school people seem to think, if we may judge from their entire neglect of it. There are a vast number of schools which have exhausted the old Sunday school ideas and methods, have advanced beyond the old ideals, and the number is daily increasing. This is just as it ought to be. There is no higher praise given the International Lessons, for example, than that given by those who say they have outgrown them. Every Sunday school ought to grow up to its ideals. Its one hope is, however, that its ideals will advance also, and if they do not the school is doomed to die or to become functionless. Many schools are for this reason in grave peril of becoming the vermiform appendix of the church. Little or nothing is being done in officialdom to save them from this fate. We must frankly address ourselves to the task of bringing in a new Sunday school.

THE NEGLECTED CLASS

There is widespread lamentation over the fact that so many young people drop out of the Sunday school when they reach seventeen or eighteen years of age. This cry is intensified when we note the class who constitute the larger percentage of these lapsed ones. Thousands of young men and young women leave home and Sunday school every year to go to college. To all intents and purposes they are forever lost to the Sunday school. Only a small fraction of them ever return to the school either as teachers or scholars. Their attitude toward the Sunday school is that of indifference or unfriendly criticism. For this attitude the school is in large degree responsible. Seldom is any intelligent effort made to get them back. In most cases they have outgrown the school, and it really has nothing to offer them, even when it exhorts them to return. They neglect the school because it neglects them and their needs. The school remains all too stationary, while they have grown with startling rapidity. We are grading the school to the needs of the average scholar, we must grade it to the needs of these maturing young people. They must not be allowed to slip away from us. If nothing more, we must make provision in the school where either as teachers or scholars they may have the largest opportunity for the frankest and freest discussion of those questions which interest them as college-trained men or women. There must be the up-to-dateness in the school which will show them that it is disposed to keep up with the procession, a charge which now can be laid at the door of few schools.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS

In many localities the Sunday school will not come to its fine flower and fruitage until the separate churches are willing to combine their schools into an

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interdenominational one. This is particularly true of the smaller communities. This is not something new under the sun, for this is what the union school is, which for many years has been known in many small places. We now have Primary Teachers' Unions, and in other ways we are coming to be familiar with the idea and practice of denominational union. It ought not to be a long step nor an impossible one for the schools in villages or sections of the cities to combine their forces. Many noble results would follow, not the least of which would be a corps of selected teachers and the removal of the present demoralizing rivalries. Certainly our friends who are so zealous for the uniform lesson because of the denominational fellowship which it promotes, may be counted on to favor the closer fellowship which such a union school would secure. The fellowship of the uniform lesson is mechanical, while that of the interdenominational school would be vital.

The outlook for the Sunday school is bright. The future belongs to it. It is destined to advance, and it is scarcely hazardous to predict that its progress will be along the lines indicated by these ideals.

The Game of Religion

Portions of an Editorial in the British Weekly

The imitative, imaginative child has been drawn once and for all by Wordsworth. Take him, says the poet, at the age of six:

> See at his feet some little plan or chart,
> Some fragment from his dream of human life,
> Shaped by himself with newly-learned art:
> A wedding or a festival,
> A mourning or a funeral,
> And this hath now his heart,
> And unto this he frames his song;
> But it will not be long
> Ere this be thrown aside,
> And with new joy and pride
> The little actor cons another part,
> As if his whole vocation
> Were endless imitation.

What is natural and pretty in the child becomes, however, a mischief in the mature man. Make-believe is not the staple of existence, and poor is the life which has never learned any higher vocation than that of responsiveness to stray flickers of emotion, or the reproduction of current views upon religion, while it lies open to all and sundry winds of circumstance like a tarn among the heather, sensitive to the breath of the morning breeze or the touch of a stray bird's wing. Yet what is this age like? said Jesus once incisively to his contemporaries. *Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting and playing in the markets*—in the place where serious business is to be done, and where affairs of life and death are afoot. But what is all that to the children? Unconcernedly they copy a marriage procession or mimic a funeral. And all the while, be it dance or dirge, the little actors are on the outside of things.

AT PLAY IN THE PLACE OF WORK

So, in Christ's judgment, is it with many people. Mimics of reality, lovers of display, triflers in the place where earnest labor is astir, "light half-believers of their casual creed," such people never suffer their hearts to be caught up by a full rush of conviction. All they are fit to do is to play at religion or with it. They practically are amusing themselves with it: such is the verdict of our Lord. They are the sort of people who are childish in their refusal to make up their minds and commit themselves to some one form of it, grave or sunny, and as childish in their pursuit of what eventually they choose from their environment for the time being. They observe, and when it pleases them they imitate, any great religious movements of asceticism or enthusiasm that chance to sweep across life. Catchwords are soon learned; the trick of ritual is easily acquired. But in the last resort the religion which is a matter of life and death to others amounts in their case to little more than a pose or an entertainment, emotional or intellectual, with nothing long and nothing strong about it, a part to be conned and dropped, as the mood or fashion alters.

THE GALILEANS OF TODAY

Such was the Galilean temper, as the historian Josephus felt and painted it: fickle, childish and external. It stands primarily for censoriousness, since what staggered such persons in Jesus and in John the Baptist was not so much the sunny tenderness of the one nor the austerity of the other, as the divine urgency which surged up in both! The Galileans we have always with us. Finding objections to religious people and religious movements still constitutes a large part of religion for a certain type of mind. Captious, fastidious, capricious, what such persons dislike in the majority of cases is at bottom not this or that form of religion; it is religion itself. Vital religion embarrasses them. God's claims disturb them. And they seek in many cases to parry the uncomfortable thrusts of conscience by childishly raising objections, more or less specious, to this or that feature in a religious movement, or in its leaders and adherents. This is too sensational, that, too staid and ascetic; this, on too broad lines, that, on too narrow; this, too liberal, that, too lax. *John came. The Son of Man came.* Contact with them could not be evaded. But something could always be said against them, petulant no doubt, yet enough to justify the censorious to themselves, at least in their insincere aloofness.

SUPERFICIAL CRITICISM

The very features to which objection is taken by those who reduce religion to an intellectual or emotional game are commonly external. The Galilean temper stands for superficiality as well. It is the mark of those who fix on accidentals instead of penetrating to the living secret and center. The Oriental children playing in the market place could pipe to imitate the music of a wedding procession, or beat their breasts and cry very shrilly like the mourners whom they saw pass with a bier. But what knew they of the gladness or the grief? To them, for all their hot faces, eager gestures, and so forth, it was but a game. "But a game," said Jesus in effect to his contemporaries; "that is what your religious interest amounts to!" Religion so easily becomes decorative. Even when its attractions are felt, its authority may be evaded or deadened. Contact with it on the surface may be a substitute for, as it may survive, the inner experience of the soul, whether that contact be the correct repetition of creeds, the punctilious performance of ceremonies, or indulgence in emotional excitement.

THE WEED OF SENTIMENTALISM

In a preacher the Galilean spirit is marked by an æsthetic appreciation of the gospel; he knows how to use evangelical sentiments or moral terrors in order to play upon the feelings of an audience, till self-deception turns rhetoric into something like a game or a performance. And the audience itself loves to be rippled on the surface, impatient all the while of that searching and humbling discipline which is the precursor of any vital change. For up and down our modern religion there is soil for that rank weed against which Mr. Meredith has spent years and pages in warning us—the weed of sentimentalism. And sentimentalism he defines as enjoyment without obligation. It amounts, in short, to the love of feeling for feeling's sake, to that perennial Galilean temper which mistakes self-gratification for moral passion and spiritual intensity, which enjoys even being scourged in mind or body, which will use art and eloquence in order to play with the great realities of faith and yet keep the will and conscience carefully out of their reach, which reduces religion to a subtle art or a noble game, which will do almost anything with Christ—discuss him, praise him, and the like—anything except commit itself to him. Responsibility is evaded. Obligation is gracefully but firmly shunned. For we can discuss and even admire a character or a principle in life which we have not the remotest intention of adopting.

COUNTERFEITS OF SERIOUSNESS

It is a temper which repels our Lord in every age. The grace and gospel of God are far too serious things to be profaned by æsthetic handling or by anything short of honest dealing. Their genius and office demand a seriousness of mind and heart for which our refined civilization provides, alas, too many counterfeits. Man's life here, set within the circle of the Lord, the gospel, and the church, is *in the market place*, where business has to be done, and where man is meant to come into contact with God at the decisive point.

Christ is here on business. Vital issues are at stake. And any trifling on man's part is an impertinence, a mark of moral childishness, however that trifling may be consciously or unconsciously disguised in forms which have a colorable appearance of Christianity itself. *Children—children at play—in the market place!* The paradox, the irrelevance of it! But

is it an epitaph? Are there not still moments when one can hardly fail to be struck, not simply by the levity with which Christ's claims are rejected in some quarters, but also by the comparative levity with which, in other circles, he is treated even by those who cannot bring themselves to let his religion quite alone?

Fire Worshipers in the Adirondack Mountains

The Conclusions of a Confirmed Lover of the Wilderness

BY REV. CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS, JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

To be a fire worshiper in these days of the last stages in the evolution of religion is a rare experience, yet one who has enjoyed the privilege of camping on the bank of an Adirondack lake and sitting about the camp fire at night is not ashamed, even in these days, of being known as a worshiper of this primal element. At any rate, after spending several summers at hotels, by shore and in mountain, conforming to the artificial customs of social life, spending most of the time in trying to be pleasant, and the remainder of it in dressing for luncheons and dinners, we found the primitive ways of these fire worshipers most agreeable to our weary spirits, which sought rest and not labor.

What a cathedral this divinity builds for the devout soul! Her domes the eternal hills, her floors the mosses of a thousand years, her pillars of birch and spruce, balsam and hemlock! What choirs sing in her galleries! There is found the solitary and retiring woodthrush with its sweet song, *Noli a e o li-noli-nol-œolee lee;* the hermit thrush with its spiritual hymn, O! spheral! spheral! spheral! O! holy, holy, holy! O! clear away! clear away! O! clear up! clear up! and the field sparrow whose song begins with "three soft, wild whistles, and ends with a series of trills and quavers that gradually melt away into silence; a serene and restful strain as soothing as a hymn." Mingling with these glad voices are others which seem to have been touched by sorrow such as the mournful *Phœ-be, Phœ be,* and the sad *Pwe-a-we, Pwe a-we,* and the pessimistic owl grumbling *O o o that-I-ne-ver-had been b o-r-r-r-n-n-n*—and the tantalizing song sparrow that cries to the Congregationalist as he enters the door, *Pres pres pres-pres-by-tee-ri-an!* but these all mingle in such an anthem as was never heard in temples carved by our rude hands, while floating over all these notes of song rolls the deep devotional music of the pines.

And in what a land and in what a climate this cathedral is built! Climbing to the top of one of her high domes (St. Regis Mountain) there stretches before the eye a panorama unsurpassed for beauty. At least fifty lakes and ponds may be counted, each nestling in the bosom of an almost unbroken forest, each an interesting nook for a weary spirit, like the side chapels of St. Peter's. In that terrible month of July (1905) when the fire department of Boston was throwing streams of water over the buildings, baking under the terrible heat, and thousands in New York were leaving their homes to sleep in the public parks, hoping to catch a breath of cool air, our mercury did not rise above eighty-three degrees and all the while there was a gentle breeze, while at night the frost nipped the young leaves upon the bank of our lake.

The creed of the fire worshiper is simple, its first article requiring simplicity. These people have never come under the tyrannical control of the big shop window and know nothing of elaborate dress. Wooden houses have never invaded their domain. They live in tents, one for a sleeping-room and another where their simple meals cooked over the camp fire are served. A few pairs of blankets placed upon the deep bed of fir boughs, a lantern and a few simple articles for toilet, is all that is necessary for the first of these places of abode, while the equipment of the latter consists of a few tin plates and cups, spoons of the same metal, and simple knives and forks, a frying pan, two kettles, one for heating water and another for boiling vegetables, a baker for baking bread.

What do these fire worshipers of the wilderness do, you ask? Are you a fisherman? Then the pickerel are waiting to try your rod and skill for they are pickerel that know how to fight. Or if the pickerel is not your chief object of sport, a score of lakes swarming with trout are waiting for your fly.

Are you a lover of birds? Here you can fill your book with notes in a short time. Here is the kingbird, so proud of his beauty, the American goldfinch, the ever busy cedar waxwing, the little black and white creeping warbler, and scores of rare and sweet singers, while along the shores of every lake may be heard the rattle of the ever-present kingfisher and overhead may be seen soaring the monarch of all the birds, the eagle. Hermit thrushes eat crumbs from the table, while in the morning you are awakened by the sweet songs over your tent. You never know when you are on the eve of a discovery of some rare bird, and this fact will enable you to sit quietly for hours in the forest studying the birds as they hop about unconscious of your presence.

But is it not lonely at night in this vast wilderness? It is then that the furry creatures steal forth, the spirits of the night. As you sit about the camp fire, listening to the tales of the hunt, as told by your guide, occasionally may be heard the weird cry of the catamount on some distant mountain side, or even the howl of the wolf. The fox passes swiftly in the moonlight while the hedgehog goes lumbering along. When all is quiet the elk steals into your camp to lick the ground where salt water has been thrown, and the whistle of the deer is heard as he challenges you in the distance. The deer mice hop about as miniature kangaroos and the rabbit scampers in front of the tent. Who could be lonely with so many spirits about?

Do I hear the critic of our religion say that "only the rich can worship at its altars"? It is true that the rich do worship here in rapidly increasing numbers but the poor man is also welcome. It is possible to lavish your gold upon this temple or to come with your pennies. He who cares to live simply can do it at less expense than he can spend a vacation at any hotel. A party of three can live in comfort on one dollar per day.

The follower of this religion has the satisfaction of feeling that it is the only state religion in the United States. The State of New York has set apart 2,807,760 acres for the use of fire worshipers and anywhere in this vast cathedral a man is permitted to set his tents and live in comfort through the summer months.

The "Government's Yeast Cake"

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD, WINCHESTER, MASS.

It was a lovely Sabbath among the New England hills. In the little town of North Parish, the stone church that stood at the crossing of four roads was without a pastor. The long row of horse sheds was filled that Sunday, and many teams were hitched to nearby fences, for a young man from the city was to "supply."

They were a hard-working people, and apt sometimes to doze in the restful sanctuary. As the minister discoursed several men began to nod as if in polite assent. Later these stared with a coldly fixed gaze, then took on a meditative posture, with closed eyes, as if to reflect before further approval. Deacon Solomon Leach, in the front ranks, slumbered early as usual. There was a mystery to the boys and girls about that nap of the deacon, for he was always able, in the evening meeting, to quote extensively from the morning sermon. As the keen-eyed young clergyman of the day compared the spiritual growth of the country with that of the material, he concluded that certain occupants of the pews were not listening critically, but taking a Sunday nap. Wondering if they would be aroused he suddenly paused, and exclaimed:

"Dwell for a moment on that marvelous discovery in agricultural science, that invisible germ which gathers to itself nitrogen, and which if introduced into the most barren soil will increase the product from fifty to seventy-five per cent.! This discovery, perfected by Professor Moore, was patented by him and given to the American people. What unparalleled generosity, to release the rights forever that would have brought him fortunes! A friend of mine owns a large farm. He has just been to Washington to spend a week visiting these magnificent buildings. The first he did was to take the most direct route to the Agricultural Department. He wished to secure at once one of those mysterious and wonder-working packages."

If lightning had struck the steeple it would not have created a greater sensation. Each nodding husbandman was instantly alert, and every sleepy housewife shot an interested glance at her spouse. There was intense life in the stillness, it throbbed in every pew and looked forth from wide-open eyes.

"Think of it—tomorrow, by sending only four cents to Washington you can receive a small package, not larger than

a yeast cake, but enough to make four sterile acres richly productive! I am told that fifteen hundred letters a day reach the department, applying for this marvelous fertilizing germ, and that the orders are now two months ahead. Think of it, even the desert of the wornout abandoned farm blossoming as the rose!"

Then followed an eloquent appeal to the church to keep pace with science, and make her fields fruitful with the leaven of the gospel.

At the close of church, most of the men who had teams usually hurried out, after telling their women not to "stand around and gossip, but be ready to jump in the minute I come," for while they would not speed a horse on the Sabbath, each good brother desired to be first on the homeward road. That summer Sunday the women had leisure for social intercourse in the vestibule, for the men were talking in groups outside on the green. Not a horse was backed out of the sheds or driven smartly to the sanctuary portal until three farmers had offered to carry the minister to the train. Deacon Leach's invitation was first given as he put away the contribution box. It was as well, for he had a good horse and was also chairman of the supply committee.

On the way the minister asked some questions about the beautiful town, the needs of the church and how long they had been without a pastor. The Deacon's replies were unsatisfactory. His thoughts seemed far away. He roused, however, as they reached the station, and said:

"Parson, you've made a great impression on our people. We want you to come next Sunday." Then, as the young divine left the carriage, he shook hands impressively, adding in a low tone, "Why can't ye come out Saturday noon and see the town and—and tell us a little more about the Gov'nmunt's yeast cake?"

Christian News from Everywhere

Temperance reform in England surely will not lack for funds to finance it, if it prove true that the will of the late John Crowle, a Wesleyan layman, leaves a fund of $1,250,000 to promote temperance work providing Wesleyans raise an equal sum. Payments from the estate begin as soon as the Wesleyans have raised $125,000 for the purpose.

Northfield Bible School has become incorporated with Northfield Seminary, and has now the same trustees, the same principal, and for the most part the same instructors. For the first time the student may supplement her studies in religious work by courses given in connection with the seminary. Eight courses in Bible are open to students who take the full two years' training and Bible work is supplemented by several elective studies relating directly to Christian work—such as child study, mission study and personal work.

One element of comfort is that we never know what undeveloped and even unsuspected faculties lie dormant in us and in each other. In the education of the young, for instance, how often a new environment, the inspiration of a new teacher, the introduction of a new subject, the contact with a new thought, will give the life a changed bent and enlarge the whole vision.—*Hugh Black.*

The Professor's Chair

By Henry Churchill King, President Oberlin College

This department is confined to questions of the ethical and religious life, and of philosophical and theological thinking. In the necessary choice among the questions submitted, the interests of the largest number of readers are had in mind. Questions may be sent to Dr. King, care of The Congregationalist, or directly to Oberlin, O.

271. 1. *Is it possible to hold the belief that every prodigal finally returns to the Father's house, and at the same time a belief in real moral freedom? Or, in other words, must not every form of belief in universal salvation be at the same time a belief in moral determinism?* 2 *If man is really free to determine the course of his own life, is there any justification for prayer that God will convert any of his wandering children? That is, speaking in the exact sense of the words, does God convert any one, or does he simply use the most efficacious indirect means?* 3. *In attempting to lead a person to Christian discipleship, how urgent and persistent may one be without being guilty of violating the sacredness of the other's personality?* 4. *In evangelistic preaching what do you think are the aspects of the gospel that make the strongest appeal?* 5. *Paul speaks of "admonishing every one night and day with tears." Is this intensity—this "passion for souls," if you please—which he exhibits to be the ideal after which every minister shall measure his life?*—J. E. R. (*New York.*)

1. I think it is possible, though of course the return must be thought of as freely chosen. One's belief in universal salvation, of course, might take the form of moral determinism. And of course one could not dogmatically assert such universal salvation without implying a virtual determinism. But he might assert its possibility and believe in its probability. 2 God of course cannot perform a moral act for another. In that sense he converts no one. But he may, in reverent regard for the freedom of his child, still be able to help him effectively, as another friend might conceivably do. It is entirely justifiable, in that sense, to pray that God will bring any child of his back to himself. We are of course really praying, in such a case, that the man himself may be brought to see his real sin and need and choose to turn to God. 3 No rule can be laid down. But there are plain limits beyond which urgency may not fitly go, and beyond which, too, there is no real gain. It is possible to be so urgent as practically to substitute one's own choice for that of the other person; and in that case, the results in character will either be very small, or nothing. 4. I do not know what aspects of the gospel, as a matter of fact, "make" the strongest appeal, but I should not doubt that evangelistic preaching, like all other preaching, ought to aim to preserve Christ's own proportion, and to put the emphasis where he puts it, namely, upon his message as good tidings, of the love of the Heavenly Father, and of consequently abundant life, from which, if one turned away, he turned inevitably from life to death. 5. In essential spirit, taking account of differences of temperament, I suppose Paul's attitude must be regarded as right. It is perhaps hardly possible to speak of it as the universal "ideal," because the ideal must take account of temperament. The real meaning and force of Paul's attitude, I think, one may bring home to himself by asking as to his feeling for his own children, as to the essential spirit of their life. A feeling like that is what the Christian minister may be expected to have for those to whom he ministers.

272. *Would you kindly state in The Congregationalist your idea of the relation of the speeches in the fourth Gospel to the speaker and also to the reporter? In what sense can they be said to be the words of Christ? To what extent did the personality of the reporter color the report? Was the apostle the writer?*—A. F. N. (*Norway.*)

This question has been partly answered in the reply to No. 227, but two or three points, perhaps, may be added. It seems clear that the general style of the speeches is the style of John rather than that of Christ, though I think we need not doubt that Christ's thoughts remain, and probably something of the language as well. These thoughts of Christ his disciple has dwelt on, thought and rethought, through the years, and the expression which we now have is the result of all this. The writer's own personality undoubtedly colors the report, but that does not seem to me to mean that John's Gospel has not for us a great contribution. There is great need and value in this personal interpretation of Christ. We see in John what Christ meant to another great soul, how he impressed him. He gives us no stenographic report, but he may give us even more surely the real feeling and sense of Christ's message. His method is no doubt impressionistic rather than photographic, but it is not without value on that account. In no case is it possible for us to avoid this interpretative element. We must allow for it to some extent in all the Gospels. We only have to take it a little more into account in John than in the case of the others. As to the authorship, I have been inclined myself to hold that the book goes back to the Apostle John as at least its original source.

273. *It seems to be an ideal of Congregationalism that a long pastorate is better than a short one. It is easy to see that this would be wise when the pastor is not only well educated and a thorough student, but is also versatile, tactful, and symmetrically developed in character, temperament and spirituality, so that he can be "all things to all men." All of this may be true of the best and most successful pastors. But is it not true that the average minister (although well developed in certain directions, and so qualified to lead and develop his people along those lines) is unqualified to develop some of the necessary elements of Christian life and character; so that, after a number of years, a change to a different, if not better, pastor would be desirable? My question is one of fact: Taking the average pastor as he is, not as he ought to be, would not a pastorate of moderate length be better than one that would be called long?*—A. E. C. (*Minnesota.*)

1. The testimony of the facts seems to be that a very long pastorate is not found to be, in most cases, desired, either by the people or the pastor. 2. Probably in the average case a pastorate of moderate length is better. 3. Yet I cannot doubt that both pastor and people probably make too little of the contribution that can come only through long and intimate acquaintance. No man, unless he is of very exceptional shallowness, both of mind and character—and of such shallowness as would mean that he ought not to be in the ministry at all—can count for his most in any community in a very short time. He may be able to have expressed some of his particular ideas, but the full force of his personality cannot be brought out without some considerable time.

274. 1. *Is there a trinity of parts in human nature, spirit, soul, and body?* 1 *Thess.* 5: 23. 2. *Is Scripture prophecy, in the sense of prediction, vital, or formal and literal?* 3. *Is there an analogy between the growth of seed into the perfect plant, and of the tree from the root, and the evolution of human experience in history and biography up to perfect fulfillment in Jesus Christ?* 4. *Are nature and human life full of prophecies of Christ and his kingdom?* 5. *Is Scripture prophecy just the carrying into the moral and spiritual*

realm of the foreglcams of ripening power and beauty in the outward world, and in human life?—J. C. (*Pennsylvania*)

1. I find myself quite in agreement with Professor Orr's statement that "the distinction of 'soul' and 'spirit' is a distinction within the one indivisible spiritual nature; and the antithesis 'soul' and 'body' really covers all the facts of man's personal life. The highest functions of the 'spirit' are in the New Testament ascribed also to the 'soul,' and the 'soul' in turn is used by Jesus as a name for man's highest imperishable life." 2 and 3. I suppose Scripture prophecy is not primarily prediction. And where the predictive element is to be emphasized at all, it is to be taken, as the question suggests, after the analogy of growth, rather than in a more literal and formal way. The prophet seems able to anticipate only partially the more perfect working out of the providence of God. 4 and 5. I think I should not so speak of nature or human life. But I should want to emphasize the essential consistency of these different aspects of God's manifestation of himself.

275. 1. *Is there a connection between John* 13: 36-38 *and the following chapter? What a revelation of the patience and love of Jesus if they be brought together.* 2. *What is the meaning of Acts* 1: 2, *the phrase,* "*After that he* (*Christ*) *through the Holy Spirit,*" *etc? Was the Holy Spirit to the Lord Jesus as he is to us?*—T. C B. (*New York.*)

1. It seems to me plain that John does mean to give the 14th Chapter just the setting implied in the 13th. Verses 1 and 30, of Chapter 13, for example, look in the same direction. 2. The passage in Acts seems to me to be only a particular example of the constant relation of Christ to the Spirit, and is entirely harmonious with the passage in John 3: 34, whether read in the Authorized or the Revised Version.

What Do Congregationalists Believe

By Arthur Little, D. D., Dorchester, Mass.

The presumption is strongly in favor of the candor and correctness of anything from the pen of Prof. Williston Walker. Considerable space has recently been given in *The Congregationalist* to comments on an article of his in the April number of the *American Journal of Theology*, entitled, Changes in Theology among American Congregationalists. In a *caveat* he reminds the reader of the danger of generalizing from personal preference, and also makes the admission that "a large part of the Congregational ministers and churches are decidedly conservative in tone, and have no intention of repudiating their historic past." His aim is to note certain broad characteristics.

It is possible that this academic view of the situation may be inexact and partial, owing to an insufficient induction of facts—almost impossible to get. Any regret felt over the situation is immensely relieved by the fact that the leaders of the progressive movement themselves are beginning to fear its unfortunate recoil upon the churches, and are throwing out signals all along the shining way of progress for the benefit of the belated saints who cannot keep up with the procession, bearing such devices as these: "Be quiet," "Be calm," "Preach the gospel"—soothing palliatives for the panic-stricken and hysterical.

The amazing swiftness of the alleged transition from the old to new is its most significant feature. The direction and the speed of the movement are the things that arrest the attention. Men of caution are led to wonder whether those who are engineering the movement have the brakes well in hand.

For example: "Every one of our theological seminaries is now dominated by a type of theology, which twenty years ago would have been regarded with grave suspicion." It is possible that the "dominating type of theology" excites suspicion in some minds now. For some reason our seminaries of late have not been meeting the reasonable demands of the churches. Can it be that the "dominating type of theology" has any thing to do with it? Are the people thoroughly informed what this pronounced change in type is?

Writing twelve years ago, Professor Walker said: "The use of the Creed of 1883 is increasing and it gives the denomination what no other considerable body in America possesses. It is widely recognized as a fair consensus of the present belief of the communion whose faith it sets forth." It is now averred that "the phraseology even of that creed belongs to a different mode of thought and expression from that *now* prevalent."

Doubtless phraseology ought sometimes to be changed, but there are words, phrases, statements, Scriptural in form and spirit, which have been embodied in creeds and imbedded in Christian hearts for centuries—the recognized coin of the kingdom everywhere—and which epitomize the faith of the Church universal in all ages. When these are displaced by new phraseology the Church parts with a considerable portion of its working capital.

Our denomination has an exceptionally rich history. Dr. Arthur Smith observed in our denomination "a liberalism that does not know where it is going." It is a suggestive remark from a keen observer. While "a distinctively Congregational theology" would be an absurdity, there is pressing need of a clear and definite statement of the things we surely believe and hold in common.

The note of conviction is sadly wanting now. The accent of certainty needs to be heard. Affirmations are demanded. Constructive thinking is at a premium. "As we think, we are." Men must *think* together if they are long to *act* together. Fellowship in doctrine is the only enduring bond of fellowship in service. At the Dayton convention it was recognized at once that a good strong doctrinal statement or creed must precede any attempt at union. Professor Walker admits that "divergence in doctrine may be sufficient to overcome fellowship."

During the past few years the current theology has been sadly warped by the attempt to twist it into harmony with the unproved hypotheses of evolution. Hence miracles and the supernatural now have little value. That attempt ought to be held in abeyance until a fresh supply of scientific certainties appears. Prof. G. W. Knox has recently said "that while the old systematic theology no longer rules, no better fate awaits those who attempt its reconstruction according to a science which is up to date, for without an accepted cosmology or metaphysics, where shall a system builder find his material?" If the modern theologian finds himself short of material, how would it do for him to go back to the Bible?

A few words about the fathers: "Our fathers looked up to God as enthroned above all things, directing and guiding to a predetermined end the universe he had created." That belief will stand. In the majestic imagery of Isaiah, the Psalms and the Apocalypse, God is thus enthroned, and his transcendence is gloriously affirmed. The sovereignty of God is a doctrine that ought to be preached now. So far as I know, the divine immanence and fatherhood have always been taught with varying degrees of emphasis.

So much insistence is now placed upon the immanence of God as to bring us dangerously near the border land of pantheism, and to make it easy for "unwary and unstable souls," to espouse all sorts of pantheistic vagaries, like mysticism, theosophy, Christian science, the new thought and other kindred emotional cults.

While it is happily true that we do not attempt to put into exact forms of statement the relations between the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, I am confident that the great creeds of Christendom express the belief of our denomination touching the unity and the person and work of Christ. His pre-existence as the eternal Logos and his birth from the Virgin Mary, through the power of the Holy Ghost, are, I am sure, generally believed and taught by Congregational ministers, and accepted by the vast majority of laymen.

Serious divergence of opinion on these cardinal doctrines must, in the nature of the case, be divisive. The surrender of these historic facts is the surrender of the citadel.

If *The Congregationalist* fairly represents the prevailing view of the atonement, then there is indeed a wide departure from the teaching of the Bible and of the fathers. Jesus Christ did much more than reveal the self-sacrificing love of God to men. He died in our stead. He is a propitiation for our sins. We are reconciled to God through him. "Expiation," "substitution," "vicariousness," "ransom"—these are words used by the fathers in their attempt to explain the chief object of Christ's mission on earth. The death of Christ is the objective ground on which the sins of man are remitted and inward spiritual purity secured.

As to the Bible, it must be conceded that views widely at variance with those of the fathers are now extensively held. The spirit of tolerance has been severely tested at this point, because, if we have any standard of authority, it is found here. Wide latitude is claimed under our charter of liberty. Abuse of liberty ends in its forfeiture.

A wholesome reaction in favor of a more conservative view of the Bible has begun. The Biblical view of the origin of the race and its apostacy in Adam still stands as against any of the current, unestablished hypotheses offered in explanation of these facts.

The widest departure from the faith of the fathers appears in the rapid drift of the denomination towards Universalism. And the surprising thing is that it awakens no protest. The very statement of these theories is their best refutation. *A priori* inferences lack validity. The promulgation of these unscriptural views will encourage men in their continued rejection of Christ. The reason given why these differences of view provoke less discussion than formerly is an unfortunate one, for the supreme, controlling motives for a good life in this world are drawn from the world to come. The thought of citizenship in heaven is the best qualification for citizenship on earth. The thought of another country enhances the value of this. The persistent demand for *reality* can only be met by a vivid apprehension of the "things not seen and eternal." May the Spirit of truth guide us into all truth.

The twenty fourth annual Commencement of Whitman College was marked by the largest graduating class in the history of the institution. The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. W. J. Hindley of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Spokane, and the address to the Christian Associations was by Rev. Dr. Henry K. Fowler of the First Baptist Church of Walla Walla. The feature of the Commencement was the address at the alumni dinner by Dr. Arthur Smith of China. The religious and intellectual life of the college has been of an exceptionally high order during the past year, but the increasing number of students makes it ever more difficult to maintain the college without a large addition to the endowment funds. Just previous to Commencement over $1,000 were given by friends to the current expense fund.

XUM

The Home and Its Outlook

A Wood Lyric

Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the shades are deep and the wind flowers blow,
And the hours are dreamy and lone and long,
And the power of silence is greater than song.
Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the leaves are cool and the wind flowers blow.

When I go into the stilly woods,
And know all the flowers in their sweet, shy hoods,
The tender leaves in their shimmer and sheen
Of darkling shadow, diaphanous green,
In those haunted halls where my footstep falls,
Like one who enters cathedral walls,
A spirit of beauty floods over me,
As over a swimmer the waves of the sea,
That strengthens and glories, refreshens and fills,
Till all mine inner heart wakens and thrills
With a new and a glad and a sweet delight,
And a sense of the infinite out of sight,
Of the great unknown that we may not know,
But only feel with an inward glow
When into the great, glad woods we go.

O life-worn brothers, come with me
Into the wood's hushed sanctity,
Where the great, cool branches are heavy with June,
And the voices of summer are strung in tune;
Come with me, O heart out-worn,
Or spirit whom life's brute-struggles have torn,
Come, tired and broken and wounded feet,
Where the walls are greening, the floors are sweet,
The roofs are breathing and heaven's airs meet.

—*Wilfred Campbell.*

HARDLY a woman who picks up *Harper's Bazar* for July can pass over with nonchalance the article by an eminent specialist entitled Nerves and the American Woman. We women must admit that the conjunction is a frequent one and even if we have never had a nervous breakdown, it may come tomorrow, so the subject is of vital interest. Dr. Graeme M. Hammond strikes home when he enumerates the reasons why nervous exhaustion is so common. Worry, anxiety, grief and trouble induce more cases of neurasthenia than all the other causes put together, not excluding overwork. "The continuous strain of trying to maintain a social position on inadequate means," he goes on to say, "the constant planning and worrying in attempting to make both ends meet, and to present a brave front to the world while care and worry are sitting, like unbidden guests, at every meal—these are the things which thousands of women are facing today, and these are the conditions which slowly but surely sap the nervous forces until a state of nervous exhaustion follows." He points out, moreover, that a woman who leads a life in which excitement is a frequent and pronounced factor is on the same road. Its effect on the nerves is not unlike alcohol and its excessive indulgence is as dangerous as in the case of all stimulants. These are only a few of the salient warnings in an article which deserves wide attention.

The Roads to Nervous Exhaustion

TWO cases of expectant travelers, obliged to give up cherished plans on the very eve of realization, have recently claimed our sympathy and, incidentally, pointed a warning. A man was starting on a journey around the world but broke down under the strain of "last things" and the planning of months ended in a sanitarium. A mother who intended to take her children abroad for the summer, wore herself out in elaborate preparations with the result that tired nerves rebelled and the trip had to be given up. Her friends say she spent the last weeks in a nervous furor of shopping, sewing, fare, well calls and lunches until it seemed that even her long vacation would hardly restore the energy she spent in preparing for it. We all know housewives who show the same mistaken sense of proportion when it comes to shutting up the town house for the summer and the more weary they are, the more they put on the lash, determined that not one chest or corner shall escape overhauling. Numbers of business men and women prepare with a like spirit of feverishness and over-conscientiousness for their vacations of two weeks or a month. They forget that a vacation is an investment which should not merely "make good," but yield dividends of reserve strength, and this cannot be if they overdraw their account before starting.

Preparing for Vacation

The Baby's Place

BY MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

It is no wonder that she thought this a cold world, if she judged by the welcome it gave her.

She was introduced to her father first, in the gray twilight of the November dawn. It was soon after her arrival when Mrs. Brown, the nurse, met him at the door with her and the question,

"Isn't she a pretty baby?"

The corner of the blanket had been turned back far enough to show her little round face, and she opened her eyes wide and blinked at the grave, careworn countenance above her. Of course she did not see him; the scientific folk have made it clear that she could have used him only for focussing purposes at most, but she appeared to see him, just as he, in turn, appeared to see her.

"*Isn't* she a pretty baby? reiterated Mrs. Brown, turning the little head to show its soft rings of golden brown hair and inserting a plump finger within the pink tendrils that closed, automatically, about it.

"Yes," admitted the father, hastily, and then, seeing that the nurse was still unappeased, he added,

"Much like the others were, only—small, don't you think?"

Even while he seemed to study the bundle in the nurse's arms his eyes were wandering to the bed where the mother lay, but when he found the face on the pillow it was so deathlike with its dark lashes sweeping the pallid cheek that his heart gave one great leap and then seemed to stop altogether.

"Mary!" he cried, springing to the bed.

The lids lifted slowly above the big dark eyes; then the arms were feebly raised and clasped about his neck.

"O, John!" she murmured.

The nurse had followed with the neglected mite that now set up a feeble cry as if proclaiming that she had been denied her rightful frankincense and myrrh.

"Do you want her in bed with you, Mrs. Hall?" queried the nurse.

The white face turned momentarily toward the wee red one, but without the mother look; instead the eyelids drooped as if by their own weight and two hot tears filtered through.

"Not yet, Mrs. Brown, let me rest." When the nurse had gone she added, almost in a whisper:

"I know I am an unnatural mother, John, but I do not love that baby. Do you think God will punish me? There were enough before she came; you have had to work so hard; Eleanor is so young to have such heavy burdens; there are so many steps and so many stitches to take; and—I am *so* tired."

There had been a pause between each sentence, after a longer one she added, "Of course she will find her own place in time, poor little thing! Perhaps some day she will be our greatest comfort."

Across the hall, in the dining-room, the new comer was not given even the benefit of the doubt.

Eleanor, the dark-eyed, elder daughter, sat in grim silence, with head erect and hard set mouth, in her mother's place at the breakfast table, pouring milk and buttering toast for the three-year-old ex-baby on her right, and the five-year-old ex-ex-baby on her left. Margaret, the pretty younger one, blue-eyed and blonde like her father, made no pretense of eating, but stood at the window watching the raw November wind wrench the last clinging leaves from the maple branches; the sky was leaden and seemed to have clouded even the blue of her eyes. Only ten-year old John, Jr., still in blissful ignorance of the family calamity, beat a tattoo with his heels against his chair and gulped his oatmeal with relish and audible dispatch. He had almost finished when Margaret spoke, without turning her head.

"I suppose the old blue cashmere will have to be turned again," she said.

"Thinking of your clothes, as usual," Eleanor replied bitterly. "I wish it meant nothing worse than turned gowns for me."

Margaret glanced over her shoulder.

"Why, what does it mean for you, Nell?"

"Giving up my music, of course."

"O, you don't really think so!"

Margaret faced about, the blue had come back to her eyes; they were a bit misty too.

Eleanor did not speak for a minute; when she did her voice had a strange, hard sound.

"Doctor's bills and nurse's bills must be paid and we only just managed before. Besides, mother will need all my time." Then slowly and distinctly, "*I just hate her.*"

She knew she had said a shocking thing, but she was not prepared for the horror on the faces that encircled her. She

looked defiantly from one to another, till Margaret gasped,

"Hate mother!" Then she understood.

"O, no, no!" she sobbed, I didn't say I hated mother. I didn't mean to any way. Our precious mother! I love her better than anything else in the world! I meant I almost hated the *baby*."

"Baby!" There was a new sensation. The ripple spread round the table and broke in little waves of surprise from Jack and the two exes.

"Baby! What baby! Whose baby!"

"O, I forgot we had not told you," Eleanor had regained the calm elder-daughter tone. "You have a new little sister, children."

The startling news percolated slowly down to their infantile consciousnesses; naturally Jack was the first to grasp it.

"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed, stopping midway in the process of deglutition, "Another kid!" Then turning to the wide-mouthed ex and double ex, with true boy delight in passing on the blow that had already hit him:

"Hear that, youngsters! There's another of us! Santa Claus will skip our house this year. He'll say, 'No use talking, can't stop at the Hall's any more; they'd bankrupt my stock."

The mouths began to quiver and the eyes to fill; Eleanor interfered.

"Stop teasing those children, Jack. A great boy like you! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Boys are such little beasts!" flashed Margaret. "There's one good thing about this baby, any way, it's a *girl*."

Meanwhile from the kitchen came an ominous sound, the sharp click of dishes flung together, for warm-hearted, quick-tempered, overworked Nora felt that she, too, had more than she could bear.

"An' I wonder how much they're after thinking I'll stan'," she was muttering to herself, as if the addition to the family was intended as a personal affront to her.

"Isn't it enough to cook and bake and wash and iron for siven of 'em without havin' another baby sprawlin' under me feet, with all its little white pittycoats to do up and no kapin' a cookie in the crock now! Soon as I finish my dishes" —with an extra crash as if she meant to finish them in a way to leave no obligation on her successor—"I'll go up an' give warnin' and I'll lave at the ind of me month, that's this Thursday week."

Strangely enough the day thus unauspiciously begun wore on much like any other. Margaret and Jack hurried off to school, the exes played with their blocks on the floor, Eleanor and Nora kept the home ship going as nearly as might be as if the pilot were still at the wheel. The unconscious cause of all this heartburning lay in her white bed, a flickering smile passing now and then across her tiny lips, and the tired mother slept.

Evening came and the lamps were lighted; bedtime, and they were put out, all but the one that was turned low in the room where the baby lay. Silence, the silence that is made more intense by the creak of a leafless branch outside, or the heavy breathing of a weary sleeper within, wrapped them about, when through the midnight came the sound of flying feet, quick raps on a door, and a voice—the nurse's voice strident with terror rang through the quiet house.

"Hurry, Mr. Hall, hurry! Get the doctor quick! I'm afraid the baby's going to die!"

Five pairs of feet struck the floor at the same time. Eleanor in bathrobe and slippers reached the hall first, only to meet Nora coming down from the floor above, fastening the top button of her calico wrapper, a flaming bandanna still tied about her head.

"I'll go to mother," Eleanor said to her. At a time like this the faithful handmaiden seemed one of themselves.

"An' I'll start the range," Nora answered. "They'll be wantin' hot water. An' I thought she'd be runnin' around me kitchen, kaping me company on rainy days! The blessed darlint! And she not baptized!" The words trailed out in a wail as she hurried down to the kitchen floor.

A boy's clear treble had come from the little hallroom at the first call. "I'll go for the doctor, dad. I can run faster than you," and in less than two minutes Jack sprang out, like Athene from Zeus' head, fully clothed—he and a neighbor's boy bragged that they could dress for a fire in just ninety seconds.

It was well that some one could, for the father sat on the edge of his bed, fumbling for his clothes and trembling so he could hardly put them on after he had found them, while in the room below, a wild eyed woman, her long dark hair flowing over her white gown, her face convulsed with agony and fear, was holding a tiny, flickering spark from her own life and praying as she had never prayed before:

"O, God, O, my Father, spare her to me! I know how wicked I have been, I know I do not deserve to keep her, but—I love her so! I love her so!"

Was it hours, or days, or eternities that they waited! Jack had scampered back to say that the doctor would come at once, and then posted himself on the front steps to watch for his arrival, putting his head in the door at short intervals to shout, "Is she dead?" and, when assured that she was still living, retreating again into the darkness to wipe away the big drops that so ill befitted his sex. It seemed to the distressed family that he had asked that grewsome question hundreds of times before he varied it with the welcome announcement:

"He's here! The doctor's here!"

Eleanor met him at the door. "O, Dr. Norton, save her, if you can, won't you?" she implored.

"That's what I came for, child," the old doctor replied, testily; then seeing the look in the girl's pleading eyes, he added more gently: "What a picture you are of your mother, Nellie. Pretty badly frightened about the baby, eh! Don't worry, she'll come out all right."

Outside the bedroom door he almost stumbled over a mass of blue and gray eiderdown; it was Margaret sobbing as if her heart would break. He stopped long enough to say: "Tut, tut, Peggy, this won't do. Go to bed. We've got enough on our hands, now, without having a case of pneumonia to look after."

Two hours later, when Dr. Norton snapped his medicine case, preparatory to going home, Mr. Hall pressed his hand in silence, but no one spoke till John, Jr., planting himself squarely in the way, put, with characteristic delicacy, the question no one else dared to ask,

"Dr. Norton, is the baby going to die?"

"Bless you, no, sonny! What put such a notion in your head?" The big man patted the close-cropped poll of the little one. "She did feel a bit homesick for a while, missed her angel playmates, you know, but if she ever thought of going back to heaven, she gave it up when she saw how much you all thought of her."

It was after faithful, tired Nora had lumbered off to bed, droning the dismal minor strain of the Irish folk song that voiced her deepest joy; after Eleanor and Margaret had kissed the baby's clinging fingers and velvety cheek; after Jack had charged his mother for the eleventh time if she wanted the doctor for the "kidlet" again, to call him at once as he would "sooner do it for her than go to twenty fires;" after they had all gone but the father that he leaned over mother and child, his grave face lighted with love for them both and said,

"She has found her place, Mary?"

And the mother, hugging the little, warm body close, answered, "Yes, John, her place is in all our hearts, and it is a place that no one else can fill."

The Passing of the Microbe

This has been a remarkable year for legislation in behalf of the public health. In Congress the clean meat bill was passed in an almost drastic form. So also was the pure food bill. And in requiring patent medicines to state the percentage of various poisons on the label no enfeebling amendment was included such as was adopted in Massachusetts permitting the unannounced presence of such alcohol as may be necessary to hold the contents in solution. Here in Massachusetts we have adopted the patent medicine law, though with this amendment, and the law for medical inspection, and the testing of sight and hearing, in the public schools. Our legislature also passed a not very conspicuous but highly effective little bill providing that milk cans shall not be returned dirty to the farmer; a law tending to discourage one of the chief executioners in the annual slaughter of the innocents—now about to open with the warm weather—namely the microbe in the can. Probably more sane and effective legislation in behalf of the public health in this country has passed this year than has been vouchsafed to any nation in so short a time since the days of Moses.—*Boston Transcript.*

The 'Skeeter and Peter

There was a bright fellow named Peter,
Who struck at an active young 'skeeter,
But the 'skeeter struck first
And slackened his thirst,
For the 'skeeter was fleeter than Peter.
—*St. Nicholas.*

There is a frankness which is brutal, and I detest it; a frankness which is indiscreet, and I fear it; a foolish frankness, and I pity it. There is also a frankness which is opportune, delicate, good; honor to it!—*Joseph Roux.*

Closet and Altar

IN THE EVENING

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Almighty and All-merciful, cleanse those whom I have defiled, heal those whom I have wounded, strengthen those whom I have enfeebled, set right those whom I have misled, recall to Thyself those whom I have alienated from Thee. —*Christina Rossetti.*

Pride and presumption may be temptations of the morning hour, discouragement threatens us in the weariness of evening. But if we are to turn from pride by asking God to guide us in our labors, we are to overcome discouragement by seeking his presence in our rest.—*I. O. R.*

O God, whose daylight leadeth down
Into the sunless way,
Who with Thy sweet repose doth crown
The labor of the day,

Take it, O Lord, and make it clean
With Thy forgiveness dear;
That so the thing that might have been
Tomorrow may appear.

And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think Thou on in me;
That with the new unsullied day
My soul wake fresh and free.

And when Thou givest dreams to men,
Give dreams, O Lord, to me;
That even in visions of the brain
I wander towards Thee.
—*George Macdonald.*

Insomnia has lost its dread since I learned the meaning of the Psalmist's declaration: "My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches." The man who spends his sleepless hours in such remembrance makes them joyful hours.—*Lyman Abbott.*

If we have cast all our cares for the day following upon God, we may then lay us down in peace. . . . Let us, therefore, ease ourselves of this burden by casting it on Him who careth for us; what need He care and we care too?—*Matthew Henry.*

Much might be said on the wisdom of taking a constantly fresh view of life. It is one of the moral uses of the night that it gives the world anew to us every morning, and of sleep that it makes life a daily re-creation. . . . God is thus all the while presenting the cup of life afresh to our lips.—*T. T. Munger.*

O merciful Father, to whose house of many mansions Thy child shall one day approach alone, by lying down to sleep; let Thy gentle, renewing hands be upon me, and Thy loving eyes behold me, as I go to sleep this night. Thou who givest Thy beloved sleep, grant that I may rest at peace with Thee, and with all Thy creatures. Renew my body, and cleanse my heart and soul, by Thy recreative power, and grant that the morning light may make me rejoice alike in rendering new service to Thee, and in being one day nearer to the vision of Thy face; for his sake who died for us, and rose again, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For the Children

"Wiggles"

BY ANNIE LOUISE BERRAY

It was noisy and dirty where Mary Ann lived. The big trains thundered past every hour of the day and rattled the windows of the little brown house. The smoke from the big factory on the hill covered everything with black soot, from the scrawny geranium in the front yard, which tried to be a white one, to Mary Ann's little freckled nose.

But there was the tunnel. Not forty feet from Mary Ann's front gate it opened its great black mouth and Mary Ann was never tired of watching it swallow the great long trains.

And at the other end of the tunnel was the country. Mary Ann had never seen the country but she knew all about it for that was where her mother had lived when she was a little girl. There was lots of green grass there, she said, and there were flowers and trees with leaves that rustled softly and there was plenty of milk to drink.

"O, child! If we get your father into the country!"

Mary Ann's mother would often say and then she would sigh and look up from her work at the clouds of smoke pouring from the chimneys of the factory where her father worked.

Mary Ann knew why her mother sighed. The doctor said it was the smoke which made her father's face so white. Mary Ann couldn't see how the smoke which made everything else so black should make her father's face so white but the doctor knew a great many things that Mary Ann did not.

One hot day in summer she was swinging on the front gate eating a radish. She took small bites to make it last as long as possible and stopped now and then to lean out over the gate. When there were no trains going in or out of the tunnel she could see a little bright spot in the center of the blackness. That was the country end.

Suddenly Mary Ann heard a pitiful little whine. She looked and listened. She heard it again and this time she saw that it came from a dirty, wooly little bundle of hair that lay quivering on the track. She called excitedly to her mother and they picked up the poor little bundle which they found to be a little dirty white dog with big brown eyes. He kept moaning and whining so pitifully that Mary Ann felt like crying too.

"Run for some water, Mary Ann," said her mother, putting the dog down on the tiny porch.

While they watched him drinking as if he never could get enough, they were wondering where he came from.

"Look, Mamma," exclaimed Mary Ann. "He has a shiny collar on and it has some writing on it."

Her mother looked and read it. "'Wiggles,' that must be his name."

"Dear Wiggles," murmured Mary Ann, patting his head softly. She knew he liked it for he wagged his funny wooly stub of a tail when she did it.

"Sunnymead," she went on. "Why, that is where the Hortons live. It is their country place."

Mary Ann looked at Wiggles with something like awe. He lived in the country then.

When Mary Ann's father came home that night he said Sunnymead was just the other side of the tunnel and he would take Wiggles home on the next train; Mary Ann might go too. Mary Ann caught her breath. To go through the tunnel and see the really truly country! It was all like a wonderful dream—the long ride through the dark tunnel and then coming suddenly into the sunshine. There were trees and flowers and grass and birds, just as her mother had told her, only a hundred times more beautiful.

Mary Ann cannot remember just what happened next but she remembers that she was walking by her father's side, the dog clasped tightly in her arms, when a little girl in a white dress came flying toward them and Wiggles gave a bound from Mary Ann's arms into those of the little girl. And the little girl's father shook hands with Mary Ann's father and then Mary Ann and Wiggles and the little girl in the white dress sat down on the grass together.

And what do you think happened then? The little girl's father found that the factory smoke was making Mary Ann's father ill and he asked him to bring Mary Ann and her mother and live in a little cottage covered with roses and take care of the lawn and the big stable.

And so he did. The first night that Mary Ann was tucked into bed in the new home she murmured happily, "An' 'twas all account of Wiggles."

The Backdoor

I like the backdoor of our house
The very best of all;
The sun shines down upon the step,
The pump peeks round the wall.

Katie comes out in her blue apron,
To shell her pan of peas;
I sit and tell her fairy stories
And do just as I please.

Front doors are dark and dreadful;
They wear a bolt and lock,
And you go out with creaky shoes
Smoothing your Sunday frock.

Mother and father wa'king first,
Their Bibles in their hand,
And you with such a funny thirst
They never understand.

The kittens like the backdoor, too;
They blink there in the sun,
The gray puss with the milky eyes
And the puffy yellow one.

But mother says when I grow up,
And wear long skirts and rings,
I mustn't sit on backdoor steps
And play with cats and things.

But when I visit other children
That I must ring the bell
And sit upon a parlor chair
And ask them if they're well.

How sort of lonesome it will be!
It almost makes me cry.
Never to sit on backdoor steps
Nor make a nice mud pie!
—*Florence Wilkinson.*

Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion—all in one.—*Ruskin.*

In and Around Chicago

(The Congregationalist may be found in Chicago at the Congregational bookstore, 175 Wabash Avenue.)

Preachers at the University

The habit is still kept up at the University of Chicago of having distinguished men from different parts of the country preach on Sunday and during the week meet the students as they desire for religious advice. At present President King of Oberlin is chaplain and has preached three times. He is always acceptable to the students. July 8 Dr. W. J. Dawson was in the pulpit and during the week gave two of his lectures. He is admirably fitted to address students and was heard by them with great pleasure.

Religion at the University

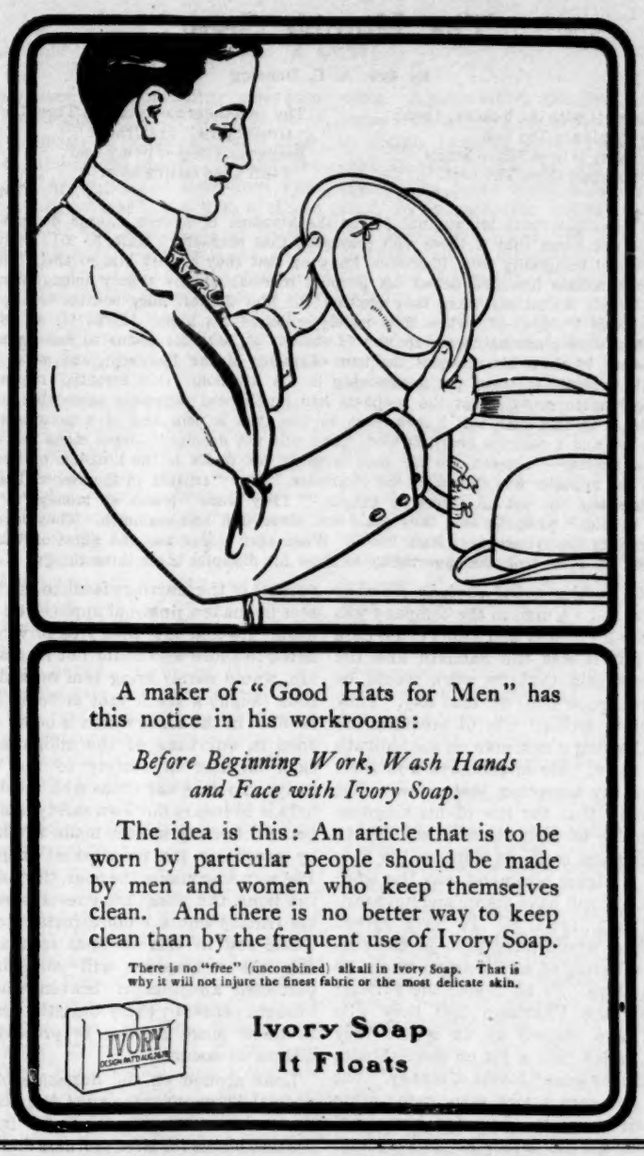
The charge has been made in New York City by Dr. John Balcom Shaw of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, that the students of the University of Chicago are the most irreligious of any in the country. The charge is deemed of so much importance that Prof. Shailer Mathews has taken pains to deny it, and Dr. T. W. Goodspeed who has been with the university from the first, points to the work which graduates of the divinity school have done and are doing as evangelists and to the Christian spirit which prevails among students in other departments of the university. He hints that perhaps Dr. Shaw obtained a wrong impression of the Christian life of the institution from the fact that his lectures in the university last winter were not so well attended as had been anticipated, a reason for which is found in the fact that at the time the students were so busy that they had no time for outside work. While it is true that here in the University of Chicago there is a great deal of agnosticism and not a little openly expressed unbelief in the doctrines of Christianity as held in orthodox circles, so far as it appears there is no more of this than in most other universities in the country. Certainly the student body in Chicago hardly deserves to be called the most irreligious body of students in the country.

Dr. Dixon and the Chicago Avenue Church

Dr. A. C. Dixon of Boston has been called unanimously as pastor of the Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago. He is to succeed Dr. R. A. Torrey, who is giving himself wholly to evangelical work. Dr. Dixon will be sure of a large audience if he accepts the call, and will be heartily sustained in his pulpit and pastoral work.

Scandinavian Congregationalism

The Western Association of Norwegian Churches held its sixteenth annual meeting with the church in Cooperstown, N. D., June 28—July 2. Five states, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota were represented. There were addresses on true spiritual revivals and how to promote them, on the significance of song and music in Christian worship and service, and on lessons from recent revival movements in the world. Prof. O. C. Grauer of the seminary read a paper on Christian unity among the Danish and Norwegian Free Evangelical churches and tried to show how it may be secured. A committee was appointed to take measures to bring about this desirable unity. Evenings were devoted to evangelical services which resulted in conversions. Meetings were held in the interests of the *Evangelisten Publishing Society*. A new hymn-book containing translations of many of the best of the hymns in the English and German languages is receiving a warm welcome. At a meeting in June in Milwaukee a song festival was held at which 125 singers and friends from Chicago were entertained for two days by one of the Scandinavian churches of Milwaukee. It was at this festival that the edition containing the music of the new hymnal, *Evangeli Harpe*, was first used. Professors Jernberg and Grauer addressed the people. The work among the Scandinavians, which so long directed from the seminary, has now become of national importance. There surely is no reason why ample provision should not speedily be made for the support of the professors in the foreign departments of this institution.



The School Board

As was anticipated Mayor Dunne not only gave a political character to his new appointments on the school board, but a radical and almost socialistic character also. At their first meeting, July 11, almost their first act was to vote to pay the teachers the money which the federationists have claimed is due them, and to appoint a committee to see if corporations and men of wealth cannot be made to pay larger taxes. The makeup of the board is so peculiar that it will be of interest for the whole country to watch its action. The teachers evidently propose to run the schools irrespective of the wishes of Superintendent Cooley, who has sought to render the schools worthy of the confidence and support of the people. Vacation schools are fuller than ever and their crowded condition raises the question as to the wisdom of keeping them all open, as is the university, through the entire year. The complaint is universal that pupils lose very much that they have gained during the long vacation and necessarily are put back, to their discouragement in their classes. As few comparatively leave the city in the summer, would it not be well to add another term to the school year?

The First Church

This church has just published what is to be known as The Book of the First Congregational Church of Chicago. It gives the history from organization, brief notices of pastors, a statement of present conditions, methods of work and results, with a list of officers, teachers in the Sunday school, the various organizations connected with the choir, senior and junior, the latter vested. The book is illustrated with fine photographs. It contains also a representation of the tablet in memory of Dr. G. W. Perkins, the first pastor, which after the burning of the house of worship in 1873 strangely disappeared, but has recently been discovered and with a memorial to Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin will soon be restored to its place of honor. The book is for sale at thirty cents a copy and is valuable as well for its history as for the form in which it now appears. This old church retains the vigor of former years, and in spite of some disadvantages in a down-town situation is doing, under the skillful and devoted leadership of its pastor, Dr. W. A. Bartlett and his army of assistants, as useful and as fruitful Christian work as ever.

Chicago, July 14. FRANKLIN.

Human Life is a long series of leaving things behind.—*W. T. Grenfell.*

The Humble Spirit*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are Thy rest;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts,
Thou makest there Thy nest.

Thy sweetness has betrayed Thee, Lord!
Great Spirit! Is it Thou?
Deeper and deeper in my heart
I feel Thee resting now.

—*F. W. Faber.*

The Pharisaic character was not fit for the kingdom of heaven. Jesus declared that he would not admit into it those who possessed that character [Matt. 5: 20]. Why then did he accept hospitality from Pharisees, knowing that they invited him to their homes in order to humiliate him and defeat his purpose to establish his society among men? He accepted their invitations when they omitted for him the ordinary courtesies shown to guests [Luke 7: 36, 43-45], when they rudely criticised his habits [Luke 11: 37, 38], and when they were planning to entrap him [Luke 11: 53, 54]. He seems to have gone into their homes to show his disciples the true character of the Pharisees, and what he required in contrast to them for membership in his kingdom. One essential requirement was the humble spirit. That the prophets had taught was especially acceptable to God. He saith, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit." "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." Jesus made this one of his chief themes—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Exactly the opposite was shown by the Pharisees. They "trusted in themselves that they were righteous and set all others at naught." They were "lovers of money." "They scoffed at him" when he said they could not serve God and mammon. They loved the chief seats in the synagogues [Matt. 23: 6]. When then Jesus was the guest of the chief Pharisees [v. 1] he took the opportunity to show his disciples these three things:

1. *The humble spirit shrinks from no duty* [vs. 1-6]. A man in the company was bloated with dropsy and Jesus could cure him. But it was the Sabbath and the Pharisees held that no work would be done by a good man on that day. They had before accused him of breaking the law by healing a sick man on the Sabbath [Matt. 12: 9]. He might have won their approval by accepting their view. But he taught that the law of his kingdom put service to men above obedience to the command to do no work on the Sabbath. A higher command was the word of God, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice" [Matt. 12: 7, 8]. To have agreed with them would have been at the cost of the suffering of a fellowman whom he could relieve. So he healed the sufferer and told the Pharisees that they who would have rescued an ox whom they owned, fallen into a pit on the Sabbath, because they were "lovers of money," but would not cure a sick man, cared more for their property than for humanity. Such men did not belong in his kingdom.

2. *The humble spirit is not ambitious for honor from men* [vs. 7-11]. He did not seek it [John 5: 41]. The Pharisees care l more for it than for the approval of God [John 5: 44]. He drew a word picture of a marriage feast in which a guest took the seat of honor without invitation. Then the host came to him and told him in the presence of the whole company that he had appropriated what belonged to a more honorable man than he and sent him down to the foot of the table. That experience would be especially bitter to one who loved the praise of men.

Jesus was rebuking what was taking place before the eyes of all present [v. 7]. but the lesson was needed by his own disciples also. He had taught it to them [Mark 9: 33-35], yet they had not yet learned it, nor did they till he had illustrated it by making the cross his throne [Luke 22: 24-27]. The proverb with which he closed this parable [Luke 14: 11]. was often on his lips [Luke 18: 14. Matt. 23: 12] and it cannot be too much pondered by those who would understand the kingdom of heaven.

3. *The humble spirit gets its due at last* [vs. 12-14]. When Jesus had spoken the parable of the marriage feast to the Pharisees he made a personal application to his host. He told him that free service rendered to those who could not recompense him would surely bring him reward. He thus taught a truth that is being newly realized in the sense which is being awakened in our time of the obligations of each member of society to the whole body. To care for those who most need help is to insure our own safety and prosperity. Society is best made wholesome by providing for its weakest members. The man who makes the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, his guests is serving his friends who are more fortunate than these, and in this he finds satisfaction. His full recompense will come in the perfected kingdom of heaven which is brought nearer by every Christlike service to those most helpless in present conditions of society.

Look around on the hospitals for the poor, the homes for the aged, the seashore homes, the floating hospitals for infants, the rest places for tired mothers and working girls. Look on those who found and minister to such institutions as these, and compare them with those who entertain prosperous friends for their own pleasure. The Master of men points to these humble, self-denying ones as the true builders of the society that shall be eternal, and declares that they are finding the secret of blessedness that shall be without end.

* International Sunday School Lesson for July 29. Jesus Dines with a Pharisee. Text, Luke 14: 1-14.

In Other Tongues

BY REV. ALBERT F. NEWTON

Whatever helps the great missionary enterprises of our denominations is worthy of careful consideration. In more than one recent missionary address we have heard the fact emphasized that many languages are spoken in our towns and cities. The people need to be taught the gospel in their own terms.

The church in North Leominster, Mass., holds an out-look service the last Sunday of each month in connection with the Y. P. S. C. E. A recent service of this character considered this subject of reaching foreign-speaking peoples in their own tongue. And this question came to me: How many of our young people are studying some foreign language in our high school? I inquired and found several in my congregation were reading Latin, French and German. I said: All who can use a French Testament or a German one I will supply, so you can follow the Scripture lesson in the Sunday services. In a short time you will learn many new words in your foreign text and you will also learn many new phases of thought by seeing how the other languages express the ideas of the gospel.

From this suggestion I have been able to put into the hands of my congregation the New Testament in German, French and Italian. In these languages they follow the Scripture lesson in the Revised Version, as I usually read from that text. Having seen this success I desire to commend the plan to every pastor. The Versions can be obtained from the Bible House, Boston, at very modest cost.

What will result? Several things. This is a practical use of school work. It is also training up a large number of Christian workers who in the near future may read the New Testament to many foreigners among us and they will be able to do for these people, who are far from home, a greater kindness than we can measure.

Today every New England preacher can advantageously use more than one language. Soon our coming ministers will be able to preach in German, French or Italian, or some of the dozen tongues spoken on our farms. Every minister will find great advantage in his own study if he will read his New Testament in several modern tongues as well as in Greek. French and Italian are especially suggestive.

Torrey and Alexander in Canada's Capital

The now world-famed preacher and singer of the gospel finished the season with a three weeks' mission in Ottawa. The Ministerial Association, under whose auspices the mission was arranged, gave heartiest co-operation and the preparations were all that could be desired.

The auditorium seating over five thousand, was well filled each night and sometimes hundreds were turned away. Afternoon meetings were held in the Dominion Methodist Church, the largest Protestant edifice in the city, besides four meetings for business men in the city council chamber.

The evangelists were given a hearty British welcome. His Excellency, Earl Grey, the governor-general, extending to them the hospitality of Rideau Hall at a garden party and his family attended the opening meeting of the missions. The city press throughout the session gave intelligent and sympathetic support. Dr. Torrey said that nowhere in the world had they been treated better.

Among notable conversions was that of a saloon keeper and pugilist. This had a thrilling effect upon the man on the street. About 1,600 conversions were recorded, many of them boys and men.

At the children's meeting more than 6,000 Sunday school scholars assembled and were led in singing by a children's "sunbeam" choir of 600 voices. The afternoon of Sunday, June 24, was given to women, when 5,000 listened to the preacher's message. At night the meeting was for men and 6,000 reverently and heartily took part. It was inspiring to see the vast congregation of men stand with uplifted right arms as they sang, Crown Him Lord of All.

The committee had no trouble over finances as they paid all expenses and gave the evangelists $500 each, besides remunerating their splendid assistants.

The most permanent results of the mission was felt to be in the awakening of the city to spiritual things. Everywhere men and women talked seriously of the concerns of the soul, and the subject of salvation seemed to be forced in upon the conscience of this gay and beautiful Canadian capital. H. I. H.

A Search for an Old Poem

[The following page was prepared by Mr. Martin for the usual "Old Folks'" Department, but pressure of other matter prevented its publication before the "Corner anniversary."]

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL"

Three years ago this poem was called for and two stanzas of it printed (Jan. 31, April 18, 1903). The avalanche of letters that followed showed the wide popularity of the piece fifty years ago as sung in the church singing schools. Being published over a ficticious signature there has been from time to time question as to its authorship, and in recent years repeated discussion of rival claims in the Notes and Queries of the *Boston Transcript*, without seeming, however, to settle it. Having corresponded widely and searched old files of papers, I propose now to give the result, after first printing the poem entire, for the benefit of the many hundreds of our Old Folks, who will, I know, recall its words and begin to hum its music, even if I have for once to trespass on the supposed good nature of the Despotic Foreman—who by the way, I learn from his early contemporaries was once a fine singer himself; no doubt he played it on the flute!

I remember how I loved her when a little guiltless child,
I saw her in the cradle, as she looked on me and smiled;
My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell;
And I blessed the glorious Giver, who "doeth all things well."

Months passed—that bud of promise was unfolding every hour.
I thought that earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower,
So beautiful it well might grace the bow'rs where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne who "doeth all things well."

Years fled—that little sister then was dear as life to me,
And woke in my unconscious heart a wild idolatry;
I worshiped at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him who "doeth all things well."

She was the lovely star, whose light around my pathway shone,
Amid this darksome vale of tears through which I journey on;
Its radiance had obscured the light which round His throne doth dwell,
And I wandered far away from Him who "doeth all things well."

That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Saviour's brow.
She bowed to the Destroyer, whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God hath told us, "He doeth all things well."

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish when they told me she was dead;
And oh! that cup of bitterness—let not my heart rebel,
God gave—He took—He will restore—"He doeth all things well."

The author was Miss Elizabeth Lavinia Dyer of South Abington (now Whitman), Mass., born in 1817, and married in 1848 to Mr. Charles Cummings, who was for thirty years principal of the high school at Medford, where he still resides; she died in 1899. She wrote the poem on the death of her sister Helen, who died April 1, 1843, at the age of seven. Asa Bullard's *S. S. Visitor* of that year (page 268) had a touching obituary of the child. I have seen at Mr. Cummings's the author's commonplace book, containing in her own hand numerous poems of her own composition, many of which appeared from time to time in the *Boston Recorder*, the *Mother's Assistant* and elsewhere, over different signatures. The first of these compositions was "suggested on visiting my sister's grave" (the same sister), dated June, 1843. Later is the above poem, entitled, "Tribute to the memory of my sister; He doeth all things well." This is dated August, 1843—evidently when written—with this added, "*Mass. Ploughman.*"

The scrap-book of her *printed* articles was left to her niece in Marshfield (daughter of the late Rev. Ebenezer Alden), and contains among many other cuttings this poem, headed "For the Ploughman," entitled "Tribute to my sister," and signed "F. M. E., South Abington, Feb. 16. 1844." It was afterward set to music by I. B. Woodbury, and published in sheet form by Reed, Boston, 1847, and no doubt may be found in some of his singing-books. The title is, "He doeth all things well, or, My Sister, a Ballad, Words by F. M. E." Those initials are easily explained. Miss Dyer was very modest as to the appearance of her name in print and so in place of her own initials, E. L. D., took the next letters in the alphabet, F. M. E. This was well understood in the family, and expressly indicated in her own writing in her collections.

The piece was apparently set to music before 1847, for in a recent publication (in a local paper) of reminiscences of a trip to Mt. Washington in 1846 special mention is made that that hymn was sung. Mr. Cummings went to Medford in 1846 and found the "ballad" already introduced there by Miss Wilder, who had learned it from Rev. E. Porter Dyer, a brother of the writer, then a city missionary in Boston. Finally, when in the sixties Mr. Dyer heard it sung by the Hutchinsons and another name suggested as author he published it in the *Recorder*, with explicit statement as to its connection with his own family.

These details are given because of the fact that the second edition of "Bowdoin Poets," published in 1849, contains the same poem, attributed to Dr. Edward M. Field of Bangor, of the Class of 1845, afterward a Bangor physician. As he wrote in verse often and well, and his initials reversed corresponded to those signed to the article, it was naturally claimed by the editor of the volume as his, and has been regarded as such by his friends, especially in connection with the fact that a sister of his had died in childhood. On referring, however, to his family genealogy I find that the sister died, at the age of a year and a half, in 1813—*nine years before he was born.* This of course disagrees entirely with the whole tone of the poem, in which the writer "saw" the child, and watched its progress as the "years fled," and was "told" that she was dead.

As Dr. Field was a gentleman of the most absolute integrity, the only explanation I can make is that he saw the poem soon after its publication, when in college, and copied it for his mother. The family supposed it to be his own, and it afterward became confounded with some poem of consolation which he did write. A supposition like this gains credence from a letter received from a lady in Maine, recalling that the poem was read at the funeral of the child. Of course *this* poem could not have been read, by whomsoever written, but the fact that some poem was used on the occcasion would strengthen the impression that it was the one afterward published.

(*Later.*) I have just found the poem in Joshua Leavitt's *Fourth Reader*, copyrighted, Boston, 1847, where it is explicitly attributed to "Miss Dyer." This, at so early a date, confirms the conclusion reached above. I have also found it in the *Thanksgiving*, an old singing-book by Leonard Marshall, once published by Ditson, who still has that page (342) in sheet form. There it is marked, "I. B. Woodbury, 1845." (The name of that compiler awakens an almost forgotten memory of my earliest childhood, viz., that "a singing-master by the name of *Marshall*" used as he rode past our house to ask me to "say apple pie"—presumably because of the musical manner in which I rendered it! I have never heard the name since—was he identical with *this* Mr. Marshall?—I suppose Mr. L. O. Emerson would know!)

OTHER QUESTIONS

I wish to recall a poem beginning, "The way is dark, my Father," answered by another, "I know the way is dark my child."
Woolwich, Me. J. C. S.

Both poems are in the "Changed Cross." The author was Rev. Henry N. Cobb, D. D., a former missionary of the American Board in Persia, say in the time of Justin Perkins and Fidelia Fiske. You will find them in a leaflet of the American Tract Society (Bromfield Street), under title of "Father, take my hand."

Who wrote "We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," so popular in the Civil War?
Rockford, Ill. S. B. H.

In my scrap-book this is accredited to James S. Gibbons of Philadelphia, of a well-known anti-slavery family; his wife, Abby Hopper Gibbons, was daughter of Isaac T. Hopper, the Quaker philanthropist.——I have just been up to the Boston Public Library to confirm the above, and find it there attributed to "the wife of a volunteer"—and the "B. P. L." cards do not often make a mistake! In Ditson's *War Songs* L. O. Emerson is given as composer, without author.

The song wanted by an invalid (May 26) has been sent in sheet form, the first verse being:

Only a little while to walk with weary feet,
Only a little while the storms of life to greet,
Only a little while to tread the thorny way,
Only a little while—then comes the perfect day.

Wake, wake, wind in the trees!
Songs of the mainland, songs of the seas,
Whispers of heaven, moanings of earth,
Anguish at dying, travail at birth,
Rapture of loving, joy in the light,
Grief and betrayal, fear of the night,
Loneliness, madness, glory and pain,
Yearning, fulfillment and yearning again—
These are thy songs, and stranger than these.
Wake, wake, wind in the trees!
—*Edith Colby Banfield.*

The Literature of the Day

Alfred Ainger

Canon Ainger was a typical English clergyman of the literary type. As preacher, lecturer and critic, he had not only a wide circle of personal friends, but a distinct influence on the thought of his generation. Theologically the pupil of Frederick Denison Maurice, he was yet rather devout and conservative than philosophical and he deliberately stood apart from the scientific movement of thought in his time.

He had a great reputation as a wit and much of this brightness of spirit is retained in the pages of the biography. We may quote for the amusement of our readers a widely circulated limerick:

> There was an old person of Delhi,
> Who couldn't read Crockett's Cleg Kelly.
> When they said, "It's the fashion,"
> He replied in a passion,
> "What then? so is Marie Corelli."

And we may add one of his jests—of the sort he used to contribute to Du Maurier as text for his *Punch* drawings: "The other day my neighbor, Mrs. Fox, was describing the voice of a very deep contralto we know. 'It seems to come,' she said, 'from the very bottom of her boots.' 'Ah!' I said, 'I suppose you mean she throws a great deal of Sole into her singing.'"

Of Huguenot descent, Canon Ainger began life in a Unitarian atmosphere of the narrower and more self-satisfied kind which he thus describes:

"I have got a fancy that Dogberry is a fair specimen, in many respects, of a Unitarian; that delicious self-conceit—'Good old man, he will be talking,' and the general air of superiority over his superiors is very Socinian. You have not seen much of their society, as I have."

Shakespeare, Charles Lamb and Hood were his literary preoccupations. His biography of Lamb is perhaps his most characteristic as it is his most painstaking work and his researches added much to our information about Lamb's life and character.

Ainger's personal friends included many prominent names in English literary and art circles. We get the impression, drawn out perhaps at somewhat too great length for the patience of the ordinary American reader, of a refined, devout, self-sacrificing, genial and witty man of deficient physical strength but overflowing mental activity. His work as Reader and afterwards as Master, associated him for many years with the Temple Church in London. Students of English life in the passing generation will find much of interest and all readers will feel that they have become acquainted with a man of genuine power and worth, if not of the foremost place in leadership of thought.

[The Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger, by Edith Sichel. pp. 354. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.]

SOCIAL STUDIES

Western Culture in Eastern Lands, by Arminius Vambéry, C. V. O. pp. 410. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The author has long been one of the most diligent students and most important living authorities on questions of the near and middle East. From his professor's chair in Budapest he has been a constant opponent of Russian aggression. He has undertaken in these pages a detailed comparison of methods adopted by England and Russia, beginning with a historical sketch of Russia's struggles for independence and coming down to the organization of the khanates under Russian control. The second part accomplishes a like purpose for the growth of English rule in India. Part third is devoted to the future of Islam. Prof. Vambéry believes that there is a future of civilization and culture before it, but not under Turkish rule. He looks for the breaking up of Turkish power and a life of Islam as a religious party under Christian governments. Two interesting passages concern themselves with English influence in Arabia and German in Asia Minor.

The French Blood in America, by Lucian J. Fosdick. pp. 448. F. H. Revell Co. $2.00.

If we are ever tempted to forget the complex structure in American life, considered racially, the loyal sons of our different strains of blood from time to time call it back to our recollection. Mr. Fosdick's book shows how widespread and influential the French and especially the Huguenot element has been. His method is partly historical and partly biographical with everywhere an emphasis upon the social influence of the French spirit. It is easy for him to show that not one of the colonies but was infused with a Huguenot element, beginning with John Alden and Priscilla at Plymouth and including such heroes of the Revolution as Jay, Hamilton and Montgomery. The book is an interesting development of one color in the loom that has woven the rich texture of our modern American life.

From the Cotton Field to the Cotton Mill, by Holland Thompson. pp. 284. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The cotton industry in the Southern States is passing through a transitional period similar to that of the early years of the industry in New England, with many interesting points of comparison. This study of North Carolina mill villages, the result of ten years of investigation, is careful, conservative and trustworthy. The Van Vorst descriptions are discredited and the evils of child labor shown to be somewhat exaggerated, although sufficiently serious. Educational effort is inadequate, family life is endangered, the church is losing its hold, and many economic and industrial conditions are bad. Still there is progress, the quality of work is improving, and time will find a remedy for many evils. Mr. Thompson's work is a valuable contribution to an understanding of the situation.

A Practical Programme for Working Men. pp. 227. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

Another interesting plea for the co-operative commonwealth. The author writes from the standpoint of the working man but with keen appreciation of the difficulties of the employer. The spirit and tone are admirable, and his argument for national and municipal ownership of the necessities of life is well wrought out. The decidedly religious sentiment running through the book, though unconventional in form, is refreshing and encouraging.

The Legislative History of Naturalization in the United States, by Frank George Franklin, Ph. D. pp. 308. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

In its early years our nation had to blaze many new political trails. Among the more difficult for the modern student to trace are those connected with naturalization and the right of expatriation. This reference-book covers the ground carefully and gives voluminous quotations from Congressional debates between the Revolution and the Civil War.

ART

Thomas Gainsborough, by Sir Walter Armstrong. pp. 222. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents net.

Next to Reynolds, Gainsborough is the most individual and talented of the eighteenth century portrait school in England. Besides his very individual portraits he has a historical value on account of his landscape studies which are the forerunners of our more modern school. Sir Walter Armstrong has written a larger life, but has here condensed the material, making an interesting sketch from the meager material for biography and from the study of the pictures. The little book is particularly rich in photographic reproductions from the pictures.

The Scottish School of Painting, by W. D. McKay. pp. 369. Chas. Scribner's Sons. Imported. $2.00.

The chief names of importance in the Scottish school of art are Raeburn, Wilkie, Roberts and Wilson. Of these, Raeburn alone worked only in Scottish cities. The school has a distinctive quality and makes interesting material both in matter and illustration for this historical and critical study which belongs in the series called The Library of Art.

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

The Joy of Life, by Lillie Hamilton French. pp. 274. F. A. Stokes Co. 80 cents net.

These pleasant papers might be described as interpretations of life from the point of view of a wise and gently bred woman for the benefit of her own sex. They are founded upon social experiences and show the right and kindly way with force and insight. We can commend them for instruction in courtesy and inspiration for helpful and joyful living.

In Vanity Fair, by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. pp. 232. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.

A vivacious description of the life of a fashionable Parisienne—the famous dressmakers who make her gowns, the restaurants at which she lunches and dines, the races, the clubs, the summer and winter resorts at which she disports herself. Full of sparkle and gayety, the book fulfills its aims "to an admiration."

Hither and Thither, by John Thomson. pp. 388. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. Philadelphia.

A librarian's excursions into the field of literature, commenting on books and bookish matters. The author is at the head of the Philadelphia Free Library. He has taken up and described in brief chapters out of the way and interesting treasures of literature or handled subjects which lend themselves to illustration or elucidation from literary sources at his command. The whole makes pleasant and informing reading.

The Measure of Life, by Frances Campbell. pp. 265. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

"Spiritual adventures," the author calls these sketches, so receptive in their attitude toward the suggestion of natural beauty, so attuned to the mystical oversoul of the Celtic Irish life. They show wide travel, but come home at last to the Irish countryside with its strange scenery and characters. They are sometimes oversubtle, but will carry their appeal to minds kindred with the author's.

FICTION

The Bishop of Cottontown, by John Trotwood Moore. pp. 644. John C. Winston Co. $1.50.

A powerful story of the Alabama cotton mills, written with the aim of putting an end to the abuses of child labor. By this showing the slavery of white children in the mills is worse than that of the Negroes ever was, and the virus of indifference to human suffering is not out of the veins of Alabama legislators. The story will remind the reader of Uncle Tom's Cabin in its intensity of purpose and appeal by pathos. There are humorous descriptions and episodes of high quality. The bishop's last race is a fine bit of exciting narrative, and the bishop throughout is well worth knowing.

The Mystery of the Lost Dauphin, by Emilia Pardo Bazán, translated from the Spanish by Annabel Hood Seeger. pp. 377. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.

The author has been called "the author of Spanish realism" and "the greatest living feminine creator of fiction." She takes up and works out with elaborate detail the story of the Naundorff who claimed to be Louis XVII. of France, developing it into an elaborate romance in which the weakness and gentleness of the claimant become his undoing. A certain intensity of style and grasp of dramatic possibilities account for the author's success. In its English rendering, the story, however, hardly holds its own with the greater French and English historical romances.

The Fortune Hunter, by David Graham Phillips. pp. 214. Bobbs-Merrill Co. Indianapolis.

A love story of the East Side—the real New York, as Mr. Phillips calls it. The ideals and amusements of the sober and industrious sons and daughters of German immigrants are well depicted and there is a pleasant vein of humor.

The Intellectual Miss Lamb, by Florence Morse Kingsley. pp. 100. Century Co. 75 cents.

Miss Lamb, professor of psychology, was conscious only of mental processes. In the course of this amusing short story a man and a baby demonstrate to her that she has a heart.

The Eternal Spring, by Neith Boyce. pp. 403. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.

More or less denationalized Americans move rather languidly through the scenery of Italy. The study of mental and moral uncertainties and the atmosphere of Italian life give what charm the book possesses.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, by George Meredith. pp. 455. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

In the compact form of a pocket edition, on thin but opaque paper, this is a contrast to the huge volumes of Meredith's novels with which we are familiar, and far more tempting.

MISCELLANEOUS

What a Young Girl Ought to Know, by Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D. pp. 194. Vir Pub. Co., Philadelphia. $1.00 net.

A new revised edition of a wholesome number of the Self and Sex Series, a series which has been issued also in Swedish, Dutch, French and in seven of the languages of Asia. Dr. Wood-Allen is judiciously frank, but never forgets she is writing for *young* girls.

The Standard Webster Pocket Dictionary, compiled by A. B. Chambers. pp. 208. Laird & Lee. 35 cents.

A convenient little dictionary for the desk or pocket, containing, in addition to its vocabulary, maps and tables of practical use for reference.

Five Thousand Words Frequently Misspelt, by William Swan Sonnenschein. pp. 301. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.

In the Miniature Reference Library. The American reader must remember the English usage and prejudice in turning to this convenient little book, for he will find methods of spelling condemned which are the established usage of almost all good writers and printers in the United States.

Ideals for Girls, by Mrs. Frank Learned (Priscilla Wakefield). pp. 226. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.00 net.

The sort of a book to put into the hands of a young girl whose home training has been incomplete or ineffective. Good counsel is given in brief chapters on Manners, Books, Money Spending, Speech, etc.

Other Books Received

THE MAKING OF AN ORATOR, by John O'Connor Power. pp. 361. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

A SOLDIER'S TRIAL, by Gen. Charles King. pp. 333. Hobart Co., New York.

KEYWORDS IN THE TEACHING OF JESUS, by A. T. Robertson, D. D. pp. 128. Am. Bapt. Pub. Soc.

A CENTURY OF BIBLES, edited and compiled by a Sunday School Teacher. pp. 88. Griffith & Rowland Press.

THE CZAR'S GIFT, by William Ordway Partridge. pp. 62. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 40 cents.

SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Henry William Elson. pp. 491. Macmillan Co.

THE PASSION STROKE, by Mary Fairweather. pp. 255. Richard G. Badger.

ESSENTIALS OF UNITED STATES HISTORY, by William A. and Blanche S. Mowry. pp. 434. Silver, Burdett & Co.

The Book Table

A paternal government have the Prussians; and they seem to thrive under it. The latest sign of its activity is a denial of the right to sell the blood and thunder literature which we call "dime novels" and the English "penny dreadfuls" in the kingdom. We wonder what would happen if the American boy and girl of the untrained or illiterate classes were deprived of their cowboy, Indian and detective stories. And how do the Prussian police distinguish between the obnoxious and the permissible books? We have seen many a penny dreadful (at a dollar and a half) in the hands of young ladies who would resent being called illiterate.

* * *

Missionaries in Africa have been swift in confirming what Henry W. Nevinson wrote in A Modern Slavery, about the exploitation of the natives for the cocoa plantations. Mr. Nevinson is one of the travelers who think it worth their while to study missionary work at first hand and not through the eyes of its enemies and detractors, but though he visited and studied the missionary stations he did not tell about his errand of exposing the new slavery.

* * *

No living scholar has devoted more time to the study of the Psalms than Dr. Charles A. Briggs. Those who think of him only as a theological and ecclesiastical firebrand are ignorant of the most important side of his career, his work as a teacher and student of Hebrew. His forthcoming commentary on the Psalms will appeal both to the technical student of Hebrew and to the reader of English. The material is topographically divided—a rill of learning for the student, a stream of information and suggestion for every one interested in the great hymns of Israel. Professor Briggs is one of the greatest masters in the difficult field of Hebrew prosody and has much to tell about the forms of the poetry.

* * *

Margaret Deland's new novel is called an emotional drama—the story of the birth of a woman's soul. The action goes on in her favorite Old Chester and well-known characters reappear. Another promised novel by an author who scored heavily at his first appearance, is Running Water, by A. E. W. Mason, the author of the Four Feathers. The scenes are partly in Switzerland, partly in England. The story will be published serially in the *Century*, beginning with the August number. This number will also contain a series of striking pictures in color, of Vesuvius in eruption, sketched from the island of Capri by Mr. Charles Caryl Coleman.

* * *

The publishing firm of Paul Elder & Co. relate many strange and amusing experiences in securing the printing and manufacture of their book of the San Francisco disaster, by Charles Keeler, among the ruins. They secured for it many photographs, taken during the progress of the fire. As a consequence of their loss of plates and plant and the difficulties of promptly replacing them, they will remove their manufacturing plant to New York, retaining, however, a San Francisco home and an ambition to represent the peculiar flavor of the Coast in humor and illustration.

* * *

Those who "cannot get interested in Dante" argue their own incapacity—the poet's place among the great figures of the world becomes more manifestly secure. For example, it is just announced that two books by Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore of Waterbury, Ct., Aids to the Study of Dante and The Teachings of Dante, are to be translated into Japanese.

* * *

An altogether timely book is Professor Steiner's On the Trail of the Immigrant, soon to be published. For we are at the very flood tide of immigration and the experience and fate of these hundreds of thousands of new comers makes a problem of the highest interest to every thoughtful American. Professor Steiner follows the experiences of the new comers and has much of interest to say about the religious, social and economic aspects of his subject. Readers of Professor Steiner's recent series of striking articles in *The Congregationalist* will look with expectation to these further studies.

* * *

Few people have an adequate idea of the extent and promise of the open-air movement as shown by our American city parks. *Charities and The Commons* has done good service, therefore, in presenting the theme at large with fine illustrations, in its number for July 7. Boston supplies much of the material both of description and illustration, as is its right as the possessor of the finest, most varied and best developed system of pleasure grounds in the country. The number is well worth study by all good citizens.

The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

July 22, Sunday. *Jesus and the Pharisees.—Mark* 7: 1-23.

These washings were ceremonial, not for cleansing. The dipping "up to the elbows" and the "baptizing" of pots and kettles went on the supposition that all were unclean and must be ceremonially consecrated. To our Lord all were clean unless man had made them so or God had forbidden their use for certain purposes. Compare the vision of Peter before the coming of the messengers of Cornelius [Acts 10: 9-16]. Christ sweeps away petty scruples by showing that the true seat of defilement is in the heart.

Cleanse my heart, O God, that I may use all things to Thine honor and for my growth in knowledge of Thy will. And give me to love Thee and from my heart obey Thy law of love to men.

July 23. *The Righteous King.—Isa.* 32: 1-20.

To forebode evil is easy, to look beyond, foretelling good, needs faith. These are images of a parched and sultry land—the streams of water, the shadow of the rock. Note that the good times were to come with the pouring out of the Spirit. They were to result in justice and righteousness. Shall not we, then, on whom the Spirit has been poured out, begin to make good times by our own practice of these virtues?

July 24. *The Lord Our King.—Isa.* 33: 13-24.

How inevitably the prophet comes back to the moral world! First the sinners in Zion are afraid in the presence of the cleansing fire. Then comes deliverance from the strange people, making Jerusalem a quiet habitation, happy in the presence of God. At last this care of God leads to health, and the forgiveness of sin.

July 25. *The Glory of God.—Isa.* 35: 1-10.

Such visions lead our thought beyond the present world. They are the foregleams of immortality, heights which only the most spiritually minded climbed. So they have become the expression of the Christian hope. Their glory and joy is the vision of God and the reign of his unselfish love. This is the mark of perfection in Old Testament and New alike, that the presence of God is the crowning joy of life.

July 26. *Jerusalem Besieged.—Isa.* 36: 1-20.

Judah was the last hindrance on the way to Egypt, and Jerusalem the last stronghold. Never easy to take, it yet seemed helpless before the great army of the Assyrians. It is in times of peril that faith shines bright. The extremity of Jerusalem was the hour both of Hezekiah and Isaiah. When Rabshakeh challenged Jehovah, his doom was sealed.

July 27. *Hezekiah's Prayer.—Isa.* 36: 21-22; 37: 1-20.

Hezekiah's faith took hold on the thought of God's universal kingdom. This thought might be a narrow one which prophesied the supremacy of Israel; to Isaiah certainly, to Hezekiah probably, it was much more spiritual. When we have reached the end of human effort and the enemy are before the wall in overwhelming strength we can always plead with God by his own promises.

July 28. *Isaiah's Word.—Isa.* 37: 21-38.

God acknowledges the claim of Hezekiah's faith; he vindicates his own honor; he puts an end to the victorious career of the Assyrian king. Sennacherib himself was Jehovah's servant, and must stop when his work is done. How often in history has God interposed to stop a progress which threatened to overrun the world. Sennacherib before Jerusalem is the brother of Napoleon at Moscow. Their turning back at the point of final victory is not of man's force but of the will of God.

XUM

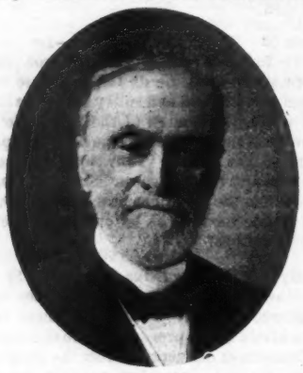
The New Senator from Kansas

A Sterling Congregationalist

BY REV. J. CHARLES VILLIERS

When the Associated Press announced, a few days ago, the appointment, by Governor Hoch, of Hon. A. W. Benson as United States Senator for Kansas, great indeed was the rejoicing of the people throughout that state, irrespective of political predilections.

A resident of the city of Ottawa from its earliest days, and absolutely free from all self-seeking, he has had thrust upon him by its citizens its highest honors. For many years he was mayor of the city, sacrificing much of his lucrative legal practice in order to give to the city of his best service. Again and yet again has he served the city and the state in the state legislature in both the upper and the lower houses. Twenty years ago, or so, he was elected judge of the Superior Courts of the district, and served as such continuously until his retirement from the bench



HON. A. W. BENSON
Photo. by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

a few years ago. As a jurist Judge Benson ranks high. The reversals of his judgment by the Supreme Bench are very few, said to be the lowest on record. Some years ago the Supreme Justice of the State of Kansas said to the writer that such was the acumen of Judge Benson that the Supreme Bench never reversed his judgment without great respect for it, while Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Bench, who has been an intimate friend of the new senator for many years, once said that Judge Benson's modesty alone kept him from the very front rank of American jurists.

Judge Benson is a charter member of the First Congregational Church at Ottawa. The influence of both him and his wife throughout the thirty six years of the history of the church has been large. During all or nearly all of those years Judge Benson has been a teacher in the Sunday school, and membership in Judge Benson's class has been usually a gateway into fellowship with the church. When his duties as a jurist called him away, as they did much of the time, he would be present at his class on Sunday morning, though to get there had caused him great inconvenience and freight train travel.

Kansas rejoices in her new senator. She has reason to rejoice, as indeed has also the whole nation, for in this latest addition to her senate America has brought to her councils not only a man well read, a great jurist and legislator, who, as the *Topeka Capital* says, "will rank in legal attainments with such senators as Bailey, Spooner, Foraker and Knox," but whose character is rich in every element of true nobility, who knows what is right and has the courage to do it, who is above cliques and crowds in politics, a man who does justly, loves mercy and walks humbly with God. Such a man is United States Senator Benson. May he long live to serve the people whom he loves. In honoring him Kansas has honored herself, and in honoring herself she has honored the nation.

Current Topics in Turkey

A Good Many Rays of Light for the Christian Worker

BY ANATOLIUS

There are a good many heavy hearts among the Turks. News from Arabia is strictly censored, but people believe that things are going badly in the war there. For instance, seventeen soldiers marched away from a neighboring village last summer, and now, as letters and salutations come from but three, the friends of the other fourteen conclude that they have perished. The Turks complain that they, the leading Mohammedan power, are at war with three Mohammedan peoples: with the Arabs in the Yemen; with the Persians, with whom there has been a border quarrel and with the Kurds, whose state of chronic outlawry is even nearer rebellion than usual. Army life is ruinous to the young men and all classes of society groan under the burden of increased taxation. In the Eastern provinces of the empire there is no doubt but general impoverishment of the people is on the increase.

When we read of the Mongolian races in the far East opening the doors to Christianity, we realize more keenly by contrast how hard the Mongolian Turks are trying to close every avenue against Christian influences. Yet they themselves are not satisfied. A company of military men were recently visiting a missionary college and one of the party remarked, no one dissenting, "It is the Armenians and Greeks that are wise enough to take advantage of such an institution; we Turks are so foolish as not to patronize it." A white turbaned teacher asks a missionary to discuss with him the divinity of Christ. "My object," he says, "is not to get you to say that Christ is only human, but for you, if possible, to get me to say that Christ is divine." A Turkish woman, waiting her turn at a missionary hospital not long ago, fell in with a preacher's wife, who read to her from the Sermon on the Mount. Said the listener: "I never heard such things before. Why, I've quarreled with my husband for years and I never knew it was wrong. I'll go right home and get reconciled with him." And she did it, too. The prosecuting attorney of a certain town, a gentleman learned in the sacred law of Islam, lately remarked to an Orthodox Greek, "The fact is, Protestantism is better than your faith or mine, for while we both have some of the husks of religion the gospel Christians have the kernel." Well does the Good Book say, "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father."

Turning to the problem of the old Oriental churches, an observer cannot fail to note some hopeful signs of reformation from within. Here is a company of school-fellows searching the Scriptures together; there a Sunday school of one hundred and fifty pupils, superintended by a graduate of a missionary college; yonder a Sunday school with an attendance of a thousand, helped a little behind the scenes by a missionary lady. These efforts are not on Protestant lines or inside the missionary fold, but within the old Armenian church, whose congregations welcome more and more the preaching that monks, priests and teachers in sporadic instances are trying to provide. A monk, an acquaintance of the writer, preached last Easter against the general custom of offering liquor to Easter callers, and his great community loyally responded, thereby avoiding much drunkenness and scandal.

The Germans still call a fair "*messe*" because fairs were generally held after *mass*, and similarly Oriental Christians have habitually held "bazars" on Sunday. A large city has observed the Sabbath as its weekly market day, and it has been a serious stumbling block to the nominal Christians, who chiefly constitute the merchant and artisan classes. Lately, however, the Armenian shopkeepers rose in a body and made a contract, which they signed in the presence of their community head men, agreeing not to open their business places on the Lord's Day. The Armenian church of that city is crowded as never before, and, though service is still read in the ancient, unintelligible Armenian, the priest is preaching to his congregation in Turkish, the language which they all understand.

Many customs prevail among the native Christian population of Asia Minor which have come down from pagan times. One of these is called "food for the dead," and consists of a meal served by the members of a household in which death has taken place on the next Saturday evening after the burial. Relatives, friends and poor neighbors are bidden, listen to the prayer offered by the priest, partake of the food, and become tacit intercessors for the soul of the dead. In a large city not far away this heathen practice has been prohibited since the massacres of ten years ago, and gifts of money are solicited instead to be distributed by the priests among the poor.

Reformation within these old Oriental churches proceeds slowly, but it cannot stop unless the ecclesiastics allow their people to pass over to the Protestant organizations, to whose widely diffused light much of the impulse to reform is due. In the seventy-five years since Father Goodell reached Constantinople, the first missionary of the American Board to enter Turkey proper, more has been accomplished than was hoped—and less. In connection with the annual meeting of the Western Turkey Mission held in Constantinople in May a notable service was held in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of that station, and the memorial volume to be issued containing the addresses and letters read on that occasion will be full of interest to all who care for the spiritual renewal of the peoples of the great Ottoman Empire.

A Foreign Pastor's Creed

THE MODERN EVANGELICAL POSITION STRONGLY SET FORTH

At Lowell, July 5, Mr. Alexander Mage was ordained in the French Congregational church. He is a native of France, where he received his education, his classical course he pursued at L'Ecole Modèle in Mens, where he received his degree of B. A., and his theological studies at Montpelier and at the University of Geneva, where he received the degree of B. D. He has labored among different reformed churches of France and in the McAll Mission in Paris. For two years he did splendid work in Montreal, Can. He is a man of deep piety, in touch with the needs of the modern world, but with an unshaken faith in the gospel of Jesus, as the only help for the world's needs.

His paper, narrating his early life and home training, his call to the ministry, his passing through a season of intense doubt, revealed one who lives the interior life with God. His paper, giving his religious belief divided into two parts, "What shall I preach," and secondly, "How shall I preach," is so full of a deep and tender faith in Christ, that we give herewith a portion of it:

What shall I preach to this congregation? The kingdom of God, which I will oppose to the kingdom of darkness. I will show the Church as a witness of the Saviour of the world. I will work with the aid of the Spirit to inspire the souls intrusted to me, with the ambition of making actual the kingdom in the midst of us. I would suggest to them to re-

solve to be workers in and citizens of the kingdom. I would nourish them with the divine bread which is in the Bible, in whose inspiration I believe, before whose authority I bow in matters of faith. I would inspire in them one prayer, the one which responds to all the needs of our poor humanity, "Thy kingdom come." This I would do. For this ministry of persevering and zealous preaching of the gospel is laid upon the Christian and the twentieth century, not only as a duty face to face with the Master, who has commanded it, but also as necessity of love. I believe in the importance of the work and the church. I proclaim the truth and the divinity of the gospel. In a word, I preach Christ the King because I am convinced that the world and souls cannot get along without the mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

Without having a great knowledge of human relations I know they are not what they ought to be. Without denying the progress of civilization and without slighting the benefits of which it is the source, I know full well it is powerless to emancipate humanity from its miseries, that it can never give to it all its grandeur, that it can never make it truly happy and truly blessed, because it will never lift its thoughts above the earthly horizon, and always leaves it far from God its source and end.

Without being a profound moralist I know full well the condition of souls; I know that these carnal, earthly, egoistic affections, of which the true name is sin, have become a second nature which keeps them far from their destiny, for in creating man in his own image God had called them to communion with himself, a communion of which the soul no longer understands the value. I also know that as long as this condition of things continues our endeavors to come to peace cannot be attained, that our thirst for happiness and the goal of righteousness will not be satisfied.

Let poetry intoxicate us with the ideal, let science enrich us with its discoveries, let philosophy extend the field of thought and make us comprehend that in conscience dwells the dignity of man, *i. e.*, in being free and moral, let legislation intervene and multiply the useful institutions to bring together the classes and unite their interests, following the sublime end of making peoples and individuals one family of brothers, we well know that generation will follow upon generation without relaxation, striking against the same difficulties, and drinking the same bitter cup.

But we also know (and this is our privilege) what can make progress real, what can sanctify these generous labors, what can assure his glorious future. We know that the hope and the prophecy can and will be a pregnant reality when it bases itself on the great promise of the Eternal, "I will give you a new spirit and a new heart."

But we know that this new heart and the new spirit is found in the knowledge and the love of Christ Jesus, that God was in Christ Jesus reconciling the world unto himself by his cross, that in Christ is the remission of sins, that he who is in Christ is the man who is becoming that which he ought to become, since he is a child of God. Faith is only real when it worketh by love. Therefore this faith constrains me in some way to glorify this gospel of grace, to tell it to all the world and souls in the most attractive forms possible. Salvation is in faith in Christ Jesus, true life is that which makes us live in the spirit of Christ. This gospel I know and love and therefore I wished to be an interpreter of it, first in my own country where it has begun to shine forth, and later here among my brethren of the French tongue who know it only imperfectly or not at all.

"I am the door," said Jesus. Not the storm door, my Christian friends, to be taken down and laid away in some musty attic or cellar during the summer.—*On the Square, Buffalo, N. Y.*

Our Readers' Forum

This department is intended to be a clearing house for opinion on all topics of general importance. To that end, brief voluntary contributions are invited in the hope that all sides of debatable questions will be freely and fairly discussed. In selecting these open letters for publication, the editors will endeavor to choose such as will interest and profit the readers of the paper.

Is This Man Wanted

In *The Congregationalist* of July 7, under Ministers Wanted, you describe just the kind of a church I am looking for. And if you will be so kind as to put me in touch with one of those churches in such a way that they will look me up and examine my record, I shall be very much indebted. I want a place where I can truly be of service to God and man, and where there is an opportunity of doing hard work that is worth the while, work that a man can put his whole life and soul into.

God has in the past blessed me in giving me the hard places, and with them a good measure of success. My first church, I gathered handpicked, no swarming from older churches, and served until it had a good membership and a fitting building. I then went West, where again I had the joy of seeing my work telling for the winning of many to the church. And starting from nothing it has been my privilege to see our church in four years receive some over three hundred members, and they are now building a goodly stone house of worship. Again there was no swarming, but hand picking, just good hard work. After a time I resigned. The church voted not to accept my resignation, but I did not withdraw it, and now after a much-needed rest I want to go to work again.

I am not at all sure you are right in what you say. That these churches *need* such men as you say may be true, but that they *want* them is quite another matter. Many of them *want* ministers who "can draw," not the people, but the "nice" people, men who have money. X. Y. Z.

"Foreign Missions in New England"

The article with this title suggests a question, Are we giving due credit to the incoming multitude for the help they are giving us in our Christian work? Is it not almost assumed that they all need evangelizing? Questions sent to the writer a few years ago, asked how many of our church, the oldest in the place, were foreign born or of foreign parentage. This led to investigation, and the answer was, "One-half of eight different races and they furnish a full share of our working members." The Methodist church makes the same report. Besides this we have two churches in which the members are almost exclusively foreign born or of foreign parentage, which have come into being since the writer's work began here. A United Presbyterian having the largest membership of any Protestant church here, all but very few being of Scotch Irish and Scotch origin. Besides this, within ten years a colony of Dutch have come among us and have built a meeting house and a parsonage, and they have a settled pastor, a pupil of Dr. Kuypen of Amsterdam. We must say that fully three-fourths of the Protestant church membership in our village is from the "immigrants" of recent years, and they are helping the one-fourth of native American Christians in their foreign missionary work.

W——, Mass. R.

Stop Trading on "Rev."

I am deeply interested in the discussion which has been carried on in your columns relative to the use of the title, "Reverend," as a business indorsement. Especially so, inasmuch as the temptations are great, in this rapidly developing western country, for a man to leave the ministry and accept some flattering business opportunity.

No one questions the right of a minister to go into business, but if he elects to do so for reasons which seem to him sufficient he ought to be willing to depend on his inherent integrity and business ability and should not seek to trade on a title meant to designate an entirely different calling.

The title "Reverend" is meant to apply to a man who is devoting his life to spiritual and humanitarian ministrations. The right to the title has been conferred at ordination and implies a willingness on the part of the one ordained to forego many of the material rewards that come to men in other walks of life. A great many ministers chafe under the financial limitations of their calling and desire to be free from the petty economies which they are forced to practice; but they ought to have taken those things into account before entering the ministry. If, however, a man, having entered the ministry in good faith, and finding that he can best promote the interests of the kingdom in some more remunerative pursuit, desires to abandon it, he is in honor bound to relinquish the title of "Reverend." That title is not conferred upon a man to exalt him, but that he may prove worthy of it. He has no moral right to degrade it by seeking through its use to promote his own selfish interests by attracting clients to himself.

We hope *The Congregationalist* will continue its fight on all such prostitutions of what should be the most honorable and most honored title. By so doing it will greatly increase the debt now owing to it by Congregational and other ministers East and West.

(Rev.) William M. Proctor.

Ritzville, Wn.

"Wedding Barbarities"

Under this caption an interesting paragraph recently appeared in these columns. While agreeing with much that was said, I believe that there are two sides to this question. It is safe to assume that behind any such custom is some good reason for its existence. And the reason for sending off the bride with "good luck" is evident. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the final parting of the bridal party from their friends would be anything but "happy." The rice, confetti, shoe throwing and many other innocent expressions of good will serve excellently to cover what otherwise would be extremely painful. From a wide pastoral experience I should hesitate long before speaking a word against the custom. Doubtless there is occasional excess, and this we all condemn. But is the ancient custom vicious? I have been present on a few occasions where the parting was ideally platonic—all that the most exacting could desire; and I frankly confess that they were so decidedly painful that I do not care to see them repeated. The emotional strain culminated in a copious flow of tears. Unless the last moments between the most intimate friends can be absolutely private, I champion a sensible use of this old-time custom as every way preferable to the heartrending test on human nature which otherwise would publicly take its place. I vote against the excesses but for the old custom. E. N. H.

Creditable to all concerned is the safe arrival at Olongapo, Luzon, in the Philippines, of the immense steel floating drydock Dewey, which left a Maryland port Dec. 28, and after a tow of 12,000 miles now rests safely in the waters of Subig Bay, where it will be of much value to our navy. Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte did well to congratulate the navigators.

New Hampshire

State Consulting Editors contributing this week: Rev. Messrs. Nathan F. Carter, Concord; William S. Beard, Durham; David Wallace, Marlboro; Albert P. Watson, Bedford

From the Capital City

A few vacant pastorates still await the coming of the right man to marshal the local forces for moral and spiritual conquests.

First Church of this city has been sorely bereaved in the sudden death, June 16, of the pastor's wife, Mrs. George H. Reed. Of sunny, magnetic presence, she greatly endeared herself to all who came to know her, was deeply interested in all church work, and an efficient helper. In view of this great affliction the people of his charge generously granted the pastor leave of absence till September. He has the sympathy not only of his host of friends, but of the entire community.

As has been the custom since its happy inauguration many New Hampshire towns are preparing to observe Old Home Week. Experience has demonstrated the value of the home-coming and the deep interest it has awakened, not only of those who so gladly keep open doors, but of the scattered sons and daughters who often come hundreds of miles to visit the old homestead and renew acquaintance with relatives and friends. Only a few towns have hitherto failed to catch the spirit and issue their cordial invitations; and these we trust will soon fall into line and, as is eminently fitting, the festival become universal throughout the state. While multitudes from other states annually flock to the attractive summer resorts of the Granite State to breathe its healthful air and enjoy its grand and picturesque scenery, surely the old-time resident and native born should be among the first to return for a sight of the familiar faces and places and for social and reminiscent festivities.

Another battle of the ballots will occur next November when for the second time the cities will have the privilege of expressing their preference for license or no-license after four years of experiment under the present license law. One of its features is the unjust discrimination which refuses to allow the cities to vote on the question biennially as do the towns. Widespread interest and considerable anxiety are felt as to the outcome in the coming contest. The bustle of preparation is already in the air and the agitation is bound to grow more intense as the days pass. According to the present outlook the license question will focus the stress of endeavor. In this respect party standard-bearers are to come under closer inspection than ever as to their moral qualifications for high office. With an increasing number in all the parties, gentlemanly bearing and kindheartedness alone will not suffice to win their votes. The state meetings of the different denominations, so far as held, have given no uncertain sound as to the leaven working in the hearts of our best citizens. Some party papers are trying to belittle the fact and wink it out of sight as unworthy to be taken into account. But the fact remains, and, if I mistake not, will bring surprise at the polls. Not all are ready to be whipped into party traces to vote as scheming politicians may direct. The Anti-Saloon League is putting into the canvass of the state solid work in the shape of stirring lectures and pertinent literature. Some churches, with more to follow, I believe, have already held no-license meetings, choosing committees to plan work for a vigorous campaign among the people to awaken deeper interest, and lead to the selection of such candidates for important offices as can be depended upon to use their influence and votes to promote temperance and the highest moral welfare of the community.

Various names of possible candidates for the gubernatorial nomination have been suggested, but no one has awakened any general enthusiasm indicating the probable choice. A recent phase is the Lincoln Republican Club's invitation to Winston Churchill, author of Coniston, to enter the contest on an "anti-corporation" platform, in an endeavor once more to place the control of the state in the hands of the people, where it rightfully belongs. The watchword is, No longer railroad domination! The invitation is the early political fruit of his latest novel, and he has accepted it. The outcome will be known later. C.

A New Beginning at Amherst

The sorrow that was felt by the ministers and churches of the county over the removal from the state of Rev. Alfred J. McGown has been partially relieved by the coming of his successor, Rev. Charles E. White. The new pastor is a graduate of Brown University, 1897, and of Hartford Seminary, 1900. He has served the churches in Wilder, Vt., Friendship, N. Y., Berlin, Mass., and was assistant pastor of the Lawrence Street Church, Lawrence, Mass., when called to Amherst. He is married and has three bright, promising children.

At the services of installation the interesting fact was brought out that Mr. White is only the tenth pastor in a history covering 165 years. Among former pastors of this historic church were Dr. Nathan Lord, who ministered here twelve years until called to the presidency of Dartmouth College in 1828, and Dr. Silas Aiken, who after eight years was called to Park Street Church, Boston. One of the longest pastorates was that of Dr. J. G. Davis, who served thirty-six years and in honor of whose memory a beautiful bronze tablet has been erected in the auditorium. The faithful twenty years' pastorate of Rev. A. J. McGown, who closed his work last November, will be gratefully remembered by the people of Amherst and of neighboring towns.

The new pastor, Mr. White, begins work at the call of a united people and with the confidence and good will of his fellow-workers throughout the state. A. P. W.

Cheshire County

KEENE

This city has had a union evangelistic campaign under the leadership of Evangelists Gale and Hatch. The four evangelical churches heartily co-operated and while results were not up to expectations, substantial additions to all the churches attest some measure of success. It was matter of regret to the more thoughtful attendants that discredited dogmas and conventional methods were given such prominence. The time has gone by when evangelists, who are either ignorant of or hostile to the newer interpretations of evangelical truth, can hold the attention, to say nothing of commanding the respect, of the average congregation.

A successful feature of Rev. A. W. Bailey's work at *First* Church last winter was a teacher training class which met at the parsonage every week. Mr. Bailey also conducted a week's evangelistic services at the *George Street* Mission with excellent results, and has enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of his church in personal evangelism among non-churchgoers of his parish.

Rev. W. A. Hadley of *Court Street* Church is recuperating from a painful illness due in part to his inability to say No to the increasing appeals for his services in and beyond his parish. In his absence the auditorium is being remodeled within as it was beautified without last year, one of the many evidences of the growing vitality and enthusiasm of this strong church.

CHANGES

Many of our churches have been passing through the prevailing agony of pastoral change—*Dublin*, *Alstead Village*, *Surry*, *Sullivan* and *East Sullivan*. While we are sorry to part with the old men we gladly welcome the new.

The attractive hill parish of *Alstead* and *Alstead East* has been over a year without a pastor owing largely to the church's lack of decision in calling good men when it had a chance to get them. We sadly need a board of pastoral supply up here. The present method of filling pastoral vacancies is decidedly unsatisfactory.

EPISCOPAL AGGRESSION

A recent editorial comment on Episcopal aggressiveness in New Hampshire was doubtless read with discrimination and enjoyment by certain Cheshire Congregationalists. This hitherto conservative, not to say apathetic, denomination is bestirring itself in remarkable ways in many parts of the Granite State. It is rushing into places where even Methodists fear to tread and throwing down the gauntlet to fate, not in cheap portable chapels but in substantial and beautiful stone churches. Where such churches are needed Episcopalians should be praised. If they are not needed, except as they can displace present organizations, they should be reminded that even the game of sectarian rivalry ought to be played fair. It may be questioned whether even Episcopalian zeal and unlimited wealth can justify the building of a beautiful church and parish house with all attractions dear to the juvenile heart in the midst of a frugal community where practically all the children were already in church and Sunday school.

UNITY ILLUSTRATED

The golden wedding of Rev. John Colby and wife of Fitzwilliam was reported by his pastor, Rev. A. H. Howes, at the county conference as one of the most spiritually helpful occasions in the truest sense that the town had ever known. The union spirit, so much in evidence in Fitzwilliam at all times, found almost universal expression as the whole town, irrespective of creed and race, joined in bringing gifts and congratulations to this honored brother and his wife. D. W.

Conway's New Edifice

The church in *Conway* is to be congratulated upon its new house of worship. That of which the people have long dreamed has become an actuality. An offer of $1,000 and the land made by a member of the community on condition that $3,000 more be raised was eagerly accepted, and under the efficient leadership of Rev. T. J. Lewis a beautiful $9,000 structure now represents Congregationalism in Conway. Of pleasing design and with complete equipment of audience room, chapel, parlor, etc., and with its glorious view of the White Hills, it is ideally suited to the uses of Christ's worship.

On June 20, the day of dedication, services were held afternoon and evening. So unusual was the interest manifested by the community that local industries closed their plants that employees might have the privileges of the day. Beside representatives of the local churches, two former pastors, Prof. J. W. Buckham, now of Pacific Seminary, and Rev. A. S. Burrill of Nahant, brought inspiration and cheer to the occasion.

Never was the future so bright of this church which helps guard the entrance to the mountains. The erection of this church and payment of a debt upon the parsonage speak volumes of the consecration and power of Mr. Lewis, whose pastorate in Conway is only two years old. W. S. B.

Church and Ministerial Record

Calls

ALTVATER, ERNEST W., Oberlin Coll., to Burr's Mills, N. Y. Accepts.

BANHAM, HENRY E., Highland, Cal., to Martinez. Accepts.

BIDWELL, CHAS. A., formerly of W. Manchester, N. H., to Waverley, Mass.

BLANDFORD, LEVI D., North Ch., Denver, Col., to Baxter, Io. Accepts.

BRIGGS, WALTER A., Toledo, Io., to Mancelona, Mich., call being extended on his record. Declines.

CROWDIS, EDWIN G., formerly of Menasha, Wis., to Kennebunk, Me.

DAZEY, JONATHAN C., Goltry, Okl., to Lawnview.

DEAN, BENJ. A., to remain another year at N. Hyde Park, Vt. Declines.

DODGE, JOHN E., W. Boylston, Mass., accepts call to Kahului, Hawaii.

EVANS, HOWELL M., First Ch., Bevier, Mo., to Welsh Ch., Pittsburg, Pa.

EVANS, JOHN E., Viola, Wis., to Worthington, Minn. Accepts.

FOLSOM, ARTHUR J., Plymouth Ch., Omaha, Neb., to Y. M. C. A. work in Grand Rapids, Mich. Accepts.

GILMORE, AUBREY C., to remain another year at Cape Elizabeth Ch., S. Portland, Me.

HAWKESWORTH, CHAS. W., Bangor Sem., to Seattle, Wn. Accepts.

HERBERT, SHERMAN H., Chicago Sem., to Hope, Ida. Accepts, and is at work.

LE BAR, WM. H., Kingfisher, Neb., to Clarks.

MANN, G. E., Bates Coll., to Freedom and Thorndike, Me. Accepts, beginning Sept. 1.

PAGE, FRED'K H., recently of Trinity Ch., Lawrence, Mass., accepts call to Waltham.

STEARNS, GEO. W., recently of First Ch., Middleboro, Mass., to Lanesville Ch., Gloucester. Accepts.

THOMPSON, FRANKLIN C., Hartford Sem., to Charlemont and W. Hawley, Mass.

VAN AUKEN, CARL H., Chicago Sem., to the united churches of North Fairmount and Riverside, Cincinnati, O. Accepts, and is at work.

WILLIAMS, WM. J., Rosedale and Poso, Cal., to Gustavus and Johnsonville, O. Accepts, and is at work.

Ordinations and Installations

MAURER, OSCAR E., *o.* and *i.* Great Barrington, Mass. Sermon, Dr. F. K. Sanders; other parts, Rev. Messrs. W. W. Curtis, L. D. Bliss and Drs. E. D. Eaton and F. C. Porter.

MULLER, OTTO, *o.* Walla Walla, Wn. Sermon, Prof. J. W. Cooper; other parts, Rev. Austin Rice and Drs. Samuel Greene and S. B. L. Penrose. Mr. Muller is pastor of the German Zion Ch., Walla Walla.

WILSON, LAWRENCE A., *o.* E. Charleston, Vt., July 6 Sermon, Dr. R. C. Flagg; other parts, Rev. Messrs. W. A. Warner, W. R. Harvey, L. W. Morey, Thos. Hall, G. L. Schaeffer, W. H. Wood and Dr. C. H. Merrill.

Resignations

BLANDFORD, LEVI D., North Ch., Denver, Col.
DAVIS, GEO. W. (U. B.), Galesburg, Mich.
DEAN, BENJ. A., N. Hyde Park, Vt.
FOLSOM, ARTHUR J., Plymouth Ch., Omaha, Neb.
JANES, GEO. M., Becket, Mass., to take effect Sept. 17. Will take graduate course at Harvard.
MARVIN, JOHN P., Norwich, Vt., to take effect Sept. 1.
MONROE, ALEX., Chicago Lawn Ch., Chicago, Ill.
THOMAS, CHAS. M., Eustis and Loomis, Neb.

Material Gain

ARCADIA, NEB.—New bell.
BROCKTON, MASS., *South*, Dr. A. F. Pierce. Over $8,000 raised for decorating auditorium, laying hardwood floor, adding visitors' gallery to Sunday school room, and other improvements. Church closed for summer while repairs are being made.
FREEDOM, ME.—Through efforts of Mr. A. E. Gregg of Bangor Sem., who is supplying, steel ceiling in auditorium painted.
GORHAM, N. H., Rev. R. L. Sheaff. Individual communion cups adopted; attractive hymnboard secured.
HAVERHILL, MASS., *Zion*, Rev. Clifford Miller. $1,000 debt on new building paid and mortgage burned by pastor at close of morning service.
HOPKINTON, N. H.—Edifice wired for electric lights.
LOCKPORT, N. Y., *East Ave.*, Rev. G. A. Brock. Recent payment of $4,800 wipes out debt on $25,000 building, including loan from C. C. B. S., final payment due in 1912. Gift of Building Society, $800.
LONGMEADOW, MASS., Rev. H. L. Bailey. At recent morning service last $100 raised on debt of $650.
MONONA, IO.—Parsonage painted and papered.
PENACOOK, N. H.—$50 given by Young People's Society for improving grounds. Society also held food sale at dry goods store.
RENO, NEV., Rev. C. L. Mears. $3,500 modern ten-room parsonage just completed. Over $2,500 voluntary subscriptions already received. On recent Sunday morning ten candidates baptized, seven adults belonging to one family. Church membership (119 in 1905) doubled in two years of present pastorate.
RUTLAND, MASS., Rev. J. A. Solandt. New hymnbooks for audience room and new seats for vestry.
SOUTHAMPTON, MASS.—House of worship being painted outside.

Suggestive Features and Methods

SYRACUSE, N. Y., *Plymouth*, Rev. E. A. Burnham. This church on a recent Sunday was decorated with a collection of rare orchids, loaned from the greenhouse of a member. Set off by rich banks of ferns and other plants with abundant foliage, they made a striking decoration.

Gifts

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *Pilgrim*, Rev. W. H. Spence. From Dea. Geo. H. Rugg and the late Mrs. Rugg $3,000, which cancels mortgage on church property. Donor long a liberal supporter of this church; has held many positions of trust and influence.
ROWE, MASS., *Memorial.*—Fred'c Smith of Boston adds $1,000 to original gift of $3,000.

Casualties

BRANFORD, CT., Rev. T. S. Dewitt. Lightning shattered steeple, damaged pipe organ, ceiling, electrical fixtures, etc., to amount of $2,000. Church heavily insured.
HARLAN, IO.—Church building struck by lightning on a Saturday evening, damaging it slightly and quenching electric lights. Choir, who were practicing, shocked and frightened.

Anniversaries

ATLANTA, GA., *First*, Dr. H. H. Proctor. 39th of church and 12th of present pastorate, celebrated June 27—July 2. The ten original members have become 628; of these 484 received during present pastorate. A number of addresses heard during anniversary week, Rev. Joseph Smith of Chattanooga, Tenn., delivering historical sermon. Pastor and wife received handsome silver set from church. Plans for the enlargement of edifice contemplated.
SOUTH HAVEN, MICH., celebrated semi-centennial July 2. An ex-pastor, Dr. M. A. Bullock of Lincoln, Neb., preached Sunday morning and the pastor, Dr. Wm. H. Walker, gave an historical discourse. Other features were a reception for old members and meeting for addresses, greetings and the reading of letters from five living ex-pastors, besides Dr. Bullock. Membership grown from 10 to 274.

[Publishers' Department.]

The FARMER and the TELEPHONE

A STORY

Accidents on the farm are even more terrifying than illness. They are more sudden and frequently more serious, and the doctor's services are usually required more promptly in case of mishap than at any other time. Many lives have been saved by the telephone in cases of mishap in isolated places.

One day during the haying season a farmer on one of the New England company's rural lines fell from his mowing machine and was severely cut. It happened that he was alone on the place at the time, his family and the "help" all being away. Weak from loss of blood he managed, with some difficulty, to get to his telephone, call "Central," and tell who he was and what had happened. It is a rule in all the New England company's exchanges that emergency calls such as this was shall take the right of way over all other business and that the operators shall give every assistance in their power, so "Central" rang up the nearest doctor and hurried him out to the injured man, meanwhile calling a neighbor and giving him the doctor's directions for "first aid" to insure the patient's being protected till the physician arrived.

The telephone penetrates everywhere. Of the cities, towns and villages in the states in which it operates the New England company enters with its lines. The telephone is not only quicker than the telegraph and practically as cheap, even for long distances, but it is much more convenient. Telegraph offices are to be found only at the railway stations or in the villages. If a telegram comes late in the day or on Sunday, its delivery is likely to be delayed till some one passes who will take it to the person addressed; and as telegrams are nearly always in urgent haste, this waiting is a serious matter. But wherever there is a New England company's telephone the telegraph operator will read the message over the line, and arrangements can be made with the telegraph company to transmit messages sent to the office by telephone.

(To be concluded next week.)

Canteloupe
—AND—
Grape Fruit Plates

We have now on show an attractive variety of these plates from **Mintons** and the **French Porcelain** factories.

The plates or bowls are with rim to show the fine decoration on the china, also to make a handsome service for the table, and are designed to hold the grape fruit or melon surrounded by crushed ice, a feature which is appreciated.

The several decorations cost from **$6.50** per dozen to the more expensive designs.

New designs of **China** and **Glass Sorbets.**

New designs of Ramikins **French Souffle Dishes, Bouillion Cups** and **Saucers**; single dozen of rich **China Plates,** from the **inexpensive** up to the costly designs.

Candlesticks of the Yorkshire Ware, for summer homes.

Individual China Breakfast Sets on tray.

English Amethyst and **Radium Glass,** in Vases and Flower Holders, from the inexpensive to the costly sizes.

On the various floors, every requisite in **Crockery, China** and Glassware, from the inexpensive to the costly designs may be found, including a wide variety of the moderate values.

Every item marked in plain figures and we are not undersold on equal ware if we know it.

Inspection of wares and comparison of values invited.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.
33 FRANKLIN, Cor. HAWLEY ST.
Near Washington & Summer Sts.

Wants

Notices under this heading, not exceeding five lines (eight words to the line), cost subscribers fifty cents each insertion. Additional lines ten cents each per insertion.

Wanted, by a boy of fifteen, a place to work for his board and go to high school. Best of references given. Box 93, Springfield, Vt.

Mt. Holyoke Graduate, 1905, desires a position as governess or companion. Address, Marion Richmond, Burlington, Vt.

Winthrop Beach. Two or three desirable rooms to rent with board. Quiet family, house near water. Address "The Hawthorne," M. Barnard, Prop.

We Are searching for Salesmen, Executive, Clerical and Technical men to fill positions paying $1,000-$5,000; write for booklet. Hapgoods, Suite 509, 305 Broadway, New York.

Church Visitor. A young lady with three years' experience as church visitor wishes a position. Good references will be given. Address Box 135, Acushnet, Mass.

A Lady who has had experience in pulpit and pastoral work desires a position as pastor's assistant or as deaconess. Can be engaged at present to supply pulpits. For information, address J. A. McKnight, 31 Borchman Street, Lowell, Mass.

Wants

Summer Bargains in shopworn Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, Stoddard Lectures, Century, Beacon Lights, Hastings, etc. Books bought. Book Exchange, Derby, Ct.

Entertainment at Pigeon Cove, Mass., during July and August. Quiet, close to ocean, view of three lighthouses. Church and trolley near. Terms reasonable. Apply to Mrs. C. T. Hale, Pigeon Cove, Mass.

Camping in Yellowstone Park and the Rocky Mountains. Spend your summer vacation with me. The best way. The inexpensive way. Fifth season. Two limited parties of ladies and gentlemen. Address Rev. Robert C. Bryant, Rockford, Ill.

Wanted. Young man of experience and best of character, successful in making investments of the highest grade, wants position as private secretary or financial manager, very best bank and other references, salary moderate. Address W. A., 28, care *The Congregationalist*, Boston, Mass.

Wanted, By a capable, middle-aged New England lady, position as housekeeper for an old-fashioned, church-going gentleman (Congregationalist preferred), where neatness, economy and companionship would be appreciated. City or country, at once, reference, personal interview. Address A. B. C., 28, care *The Congregationalist*, Boston, Mass.

Wants

Young Woman wishes employment after the first of August, nurse, attendant, companion, experienced in nervous cases. References. Address Attendant, 29, care *The Congregationalist*, Boston, Mass.

To Let. Beautiful Home in Amherst, Mass. Built by owner; close to both colleges; 10 cent trolley to Smith and Mt. Holyoke; eight rooms, exceptionally convenient, all improvements, large garden; moderate rent, privilege of buying on easy terms. Rev. E. S. Huntress, 314 Prospect Street, Cambridge, Mass.

"A Quiet Talk about Higher Criticism and the Bible," by Rev. E. H. Byington. A. N. E. "mother-in-Israel" writes, "Just what I have wanted and I shall keep it busily passing from one to another until many have read it." Order 10 cents a copy of Enterprise Publishing Co., 100 Cabot Street, Beverly, Mass.

Highland Hall. A homelike sanatorium for a limited number of patients, located in a healthful and attractive suburb of Boston. Experienced nurses and resident physician in charge. Excellent cuisine. House situated on high ground, with southwestern exposure. Address S. L. Eaton, M. D., Newton Highlands, Mass.

Summit Farm House, New Boston, N. H. 1,050 feet elevation; one of the finest, healthiest locations in the state; open fireplaces; 125 feet piazza commanding a view twenty miles distant; long distance telephone; R. F. D.; terms $6 to $7. Guests desired from June 15. Address S. L. Marden, New Boston, N. H.

The Boy and the Prayer Meeting

BY WILLIAM MCCORMICK, READING, PA.

Plainly something was wrong. There was discontent here and there. Unuttered perhaps, but still obvious as the dawn of day.

It framed itself in words presently. One boy was bold enough to speak right out.

"I don't see why I can't lead a meeting," said he. "I've belonged to the club longer than Tom. And I'm more regular than Dick. And I'm bigger than Harry. And you've got 'em all down."

Tom and Dick and Harry were looking very much pleased over something. And so were a score of others like unto them. It was the rest who were discontented.

It was a working boys' club of eighty to one hundred members. The sorrow was genuine and hearty; the elation off-setting it was magnificent.

It was all about the Sunday morning prayer meetings. The schedule of leaders had been announced for the next six months. Alas, there were but twenty-six Sundays! The adult boss of the affair was in sore straits. How could he crowd fifty would-be leaders into twenty-six leaderships? Plainly, he couldn't. He could but weakly try to explain.

"But, John," he was saying, "you led a meeting last October. And this half year we have tried to give the leadership to new fellows who never led before. "And you, Mike"—for Mike had butted in, too, with a plaintive Why?—you're a school boy, and as there are not enough Sundays to go round we're not giving any of the school boys a chance. You know this is a working boys' club, and you little bunch of school boys are here by special privilege. Now after a while, perhaps, next August or September"—

But Mike was no better satisfied than John.

"Why, here you've got Bill Parsons down to lead. He's only a school boy."

Whereat the boss coughed uneasily. It was a fact. Bill had been given a place because he was a saloon keeper's son. He tended bar sometimes, and his readiness to lead a religious meeting had seemed to the boss worthy of encouragement. It was inconsistent, he knew; and he didn't dare say right out that if Mike's father had only kept a saloon, too, things would have been different. He could only stammer out a little explanation to the effect that Bill was nearly fifteen, and he played the bass drum in the drum corps, and he made the club fire sometimes, and he had stopped smoking cigarettes lately, and so there was an exception in his case.

There are some explanations that don't explain. And the boys whose names did not appear among the twenty-six lucky leaders went home feeling that something was wrong with that club and that life was but a vain and fleeting show.

These were typical working boys, from the families of typical working men. Their ages ranged from thirteen to seventeen, and their weekly wages from $2 up to $6 or $7. They were illiterate mostly. Probably not one in the lot had ever reached the grammar grade of school. Some had left school before getting into the secondary grade.

They were a rough looking lot. It was a week night. They had been playing basket ball or parchesi or parlor croquet or tag in the rude shed that was their club house. There wasn't a collar among them. A good many faces were not strictly clean, and the grime of some of their hands might have struck one as disreputable.

There was no comeliness about them that one should desire them. But they fairly represented the six or seven thousand boys of kindred age and estate who dwelt in their town; boys who worked at box factories or hat factories, lock factories or stove factories, or some of the other numerous factories that made up the industrial life of their community.

There may have been one or two office boys among them, or a messenger boy or an errand boy. For the most part they were boys who worked in shop or mill from 7 A. M. till 5 or 6 P. M.; who were their own bosses mainly; who had little or no religious instruction at home; who were free from moral influence save such as they picked up by accident; to whom the Bible was a sealed book, for the breaking of whose seal they had no ambition or curiosity. It was about the only thing in the world they wouldn't enjoy breaking, including a few teachers' hearts and most of the Ten Commandments.

The Sunday morning meetings were strictly their own. There was a little exhortation for ten or a dozen minutes by some adult outsider. But the rest was made up of their own responsive readings and their own prayers on their knees, with half a dozen hearty hymns interspersed.

They prayed for some queer things, though none but a ribald outsider would have thought of smiling at them. That their baseball team might win its next game, for instance; and that the landlord wouldn't make them move out, as he threatened to do.

The utterers of these prayers were not saints in a strict and formal sense. Perhaps they had never prayed in their lives up to several months ago. Probably they still indulged once in awhile in their old-time habit of profanity. And maybe their ideas of Sunday keeping were not strictly orthodox. It was just a beginning; that was all. But it was quite ordinary for a dozen or eighteen or twenty-five of them to pour out a hasty, breathless quarter-of-a-minute prayer, after the adult exhorter had gotten through with his practical talk.

"I suppose you recruited these boys of yours from your church," I remarked to the boss. "But how did you do it?"

Whereat the boss smiled grimly: "Some of these boys have gone from their club to the

Continued on page 95.

OUTDOOR LIFE

Will Not Offset the Ill Effects of Coffee When One Cannot Digest It.

A farmer says:

"It was not from liquor or tobacco that for ten years or more I suffered from dyspepsia and stomach trouble; they were caused by the use of coffee until I got so bad I had to give up coffee entirely and almost give up eating. There were times when I could eat only boiled milk and bread, and when I went to the field to work I had to take some bread and butter along to give me strength.

"I doctored with doctors and took almost everything I could get for my stomach in the way of medicine, but if I got any better it only lasted a little while, until I was almost a walking skeleton.

"One day I read an ad for Postum and told my wife I would try it, and as to the following facts I will make affidavit before any judge:

"I quit coffee entirely and used Postum in its place. I have regained my health entirely and can eat anything that is cooked to eat. I have increased in weight until now I weigh more than I ever did; I have not taken any medicine for my stomach since I began using Postum. Why, I believe Postum will almost digest an iron wedge.

"My family would stick to coffee at first, but they saw the effects it had on me and when they were feeling bad they began to use Postum, one at a time, until now we all use Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee proves the truth, an easy and pleasant way. "There's a reason."

Look in packages for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

You May Be Glad to Know

of a safe, old established bank where your money will earn 4% interest, compounded twice yearly and be available when you need it.

This, and the fact that we can increase our business with but little increase in expenses, are the reasons why we call your attention to

Slater Trust Company,

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Established 1855.

Resources, $7,934,701.
Deposits, $6,655,943.45.

Booklet and statement of condition mailed upon request.

No prettier or more stylish waists than ours can be found anywhere.

The unheard-of prices at which we offer them are a result of a system of buying and selling which is absolutely exclusive with us.

Our styles are faultless. Our fabrics include Lawns, Batistes and Net, handsomely embroidered and trimmed.

SHIRT-WAISTS

Summer Styles $1.00 to $5.00

No. 183-NN $1.50

No. 183-NN. The lavish use of lace in this charming waist, which is reproduced here in **white Batiste**, suggests it at once for elaborate occasions. The front is decorated with lace in hemstitch finish, suggestive of a Bolero, and an insert of embroidery adds to the effect. Baby tucks are adopted on the shoulders, and wide tucks ornament the back, where the closing is concealed. The collar and graceful elbow sleeves are tucked and edged with lace. Regular value $2 25.

Special Price, $1.50

Postage 15c.

Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure.

If you are not satisfied, you may return the waist and we will refund your money.

We have other styles ranging in price from $1.00 to $5.00, illustrated in our new **Summer Shirt-Waist Supplement**—sent **free** on request.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City

Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 18 Years.

WHICH? In Banks.....3% In Real Estate Loans 6% In Timber, City Realty & Apartment Houses **10%**

One is as safe as the other. We need more Capital. Our Syndicate pays you a large Dividend while your Investment increases rapidly in value. We Guarantee to satisfy you or return money. May we send books, maps and our Co-operative Plan? **Merrill's Finance Co., Vancouver, B.C**

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1.

DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

It will serve the interest of all concerned if, in correspondence suggested by announcements in our ADVERTISING COLUMNS, mention is made of the fact that the advertisement was seen in *The Congregationalist*.

THE new location of Jones, McDuffee & Stratton near Washington and Summer Streets has made it so accessible that its ten floors make it a busy scene at certain hours of the day. Novelties from the foreign potteries and glass factories may now be seen on the second (glass), third and fourth (china and bric-a-brac) floors.

From Pulpit to Professor's Chair

Essex North Ministerial Association and Conference recognize in the recent resignation of Rev. Calvin M. Clark of Center Church, Haverhill, Mass., a distinct and serious loss. For thirteen years he has ministered faithfully and helpfully not alone to Center Church, of which he has been the honored pastor, but to the conference as well. While he has labored untiringly to upbuild his own church and community, he has always given cheerfully of his time and wisdom to everything that pertained to the life of the conference. He has always been vitally interested in civic and temperance issues, and his favorite question at every council for installation has been, "What is your attitude toward the great questions of capital and labor today?" But along with a sane practicality has gone hand in hand a worldwide missionary spirit, a scholarly studiousness and splendid pastoral service.

The high esteem in which Mr. Clark is held by his fellow-ministers in Essex North was shown June 26, when on the annual Ladies' Day, the association gathered in large numbers at the Wolf Tavern, Newburyport, especially in his honor. Formal tributes of respect and affection were paid him by his neighbor and friend, Rev. J. S. Williamson of North Church, and by Dr. F. E. Emrich, secretary of the M. H. M. S., with whom Mr. Clark has been vitally associated in state work, and by whom he is highly valued. One of the best and most convincing pieces of literature that the Home Missionary Society has given the churches, the booklet entitled The Transformation of Massachusetts, was the work of Mr. Clark. He has been a member of the executive board of the society for several years, a director of the Board of Pastoral Supply, and was chairman of the state committee on polity.

Mr. Clark is a Westerner by birth; a son of home missionary parents; a graduate of Williams; a "fellowship" man of Andover, which gave him the privilege of specializing in church history under Harnack; a teacher by training and instinct; a "liberal conservative" in theology. He goes to the chair of church history in Bangor Seminary.

Center Church is left in excellent condition. It is a well organized "down-town church." It was indeed refreshing on the day of the dismissing council, when Mr. Clark was asked if all financial obligations had been fulfilled, to hear him answer, "For nine years my salary has never been a day behindhand in reaching me." J. D. D.

When a minister has the courage to decline a call unless installation is involved in his acceptance, and when a church refuses to extend a call to men who refuse thus to strengthen their relation with the church, the dawn will arrive of a larger fellowship among the churches and of less unrest with both churches and pastors.—*David P. Hatch.*

Meetings and Events to Come

THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCES AND SCHOOLS: Sunday School Workers, July 21-29; Christian Workers, Aug. 3-19; Post Conference Addresses, Aug. 20—Oct. 1.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CONGREGATIONAL WORKERS AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE, second biennial session, Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 20-24.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

GAY—In Georgetown, Mass., July 10, Rev. William M. Gay, aged 76 yrs. A graduate of Yale College in 1855 and Yale Seminary, he held pastorates in Cummington, Mass., South Hartford, N. Y., Brookfield and Meindoe Falls, Vt., and Pomona, Fla. For the past few years he has been without pastoral charge in Georgetown. Funeral services were conducted by an old-time friend, Rev. Charles L. Hubbard.

AT THE FIRST SIGN

Of Baby's Torturing, Disfiguring Humor Use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

Every child born into the world with an inherited tendency to torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin and scalp becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering, but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available, viz.: warm baths with Cuticura Soap, and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure. Cures made in childhood are in most cases speedy, permanent and economical.

Dr. Lapponi

Physician to the Late Pope Leo XIII., and Now Physician in Ordinary to Pope Pius X., Finds

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Of "Marvelous Efficacy in Gout, Rheumatism, Gastro-intestinal Dyspepsia, and in all the Various Forms of Uric Acid Diathesis."

Following is an Exact Translation of Dr. Lapponi's Testimonial as Written by Himself:

ROME, August 24, 1903.—In the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, directed by myself, I have largely experimented with the natural mineral water placed in commerce under the name of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** and am glad to be able to attest that, by its richness of composition of lithia, it is of marvelous efficacy in cases of Gout, of Chronic, Articular, and Muscular Rheumatism, of Hepatic Congestions and Functional Disorders, of Gastro-intestinal Dyspepsia, of Gravel and Renal Insufficiency, of light Nephritic Affections and of all the various forms of Uric Acid Diathesis.

The same water is also to be recommended highly in the initial processes of Arterio-sclerosis and in obstinate forms of Bronchial Asthma.

May also be used as a good table water. So much I declare for the truth.

(Signed) PROF. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.

Principal Physician of the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Rome, etc., etc.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists, generally. Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address.

Hotel at Springs now open.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES **Pullman Sleeping Car Service** TO THE **THOUSAND ISLANDS**

Beginning June 22, Pullman Sleeping Car line will be operated between Boston and Clayton, leaving Boston Fridays only, 6 02 p. m., Worcester 7.10; Springfield 8.33; due Clayton 7.15 next morning. Dining car Boston to Springfield.

Returning, leave Clayton Sundays only, 9.00 p. m., due Boston 10 30 next morning. Dining car, Springfield to Boston.

For additional train service, or illustrated literature descriptive of Thousand Island resorts, call on or address A. J. Carroll, Pass. Agt., 404 Main St., Springfield; J. E. Sweeney, 385 Main St., Worcester; R. M. Harris, 366 Washington St., Boston.

A. S. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston.

UP IN VERMONT.

That's the Place to go for a Real Vacation.

$5 to $10 a week at hotels, farm and village homes. Book with 150 illustrations from camera pictures of Green Mountains, Lake Champlain and Canada resort scenes sent for 6c. stamp. T. H. HANLEY, N. E. P. A., Central Vermont Ry., 360 Washington Street, Boston.

KENSETT

SUMMER ESTABLISHMENT FOR INVALIDS

on Sugar Hill in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Address DR. EDWIN EVERETT SMITH, Sugar Hill, New Hampshire.

Church Chime Peal BELLS Memorial Bells a Specialty McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

BELLS. Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue. The C. S. BELL CO., Hillsboro, O.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

will be more attractive than ever this season. The New York Central Lines Four-Track Series No. 10, "The St. Lawrence River from the Thousand Islands to the Saguenay" contains the finest map ever made of this region. Copy will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, Manager, General Advertising Department, Room 141A, Grand Central Station, New York. The

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

America's Greatest Railroad.

REACH THE THOUSAND ISLANDS FROM EVERY DIRECTION.

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Mgr., NEW YORK.

LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES TO COLORADO AND THE PACIFIC COAST VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD.—In arranging for your trip to Colorado, the Pacific Coast, or any point in the West, Northwest or Southwest, do not overlook the extremely low rates, convenient through Coach, Sleeper and Dining Car service offered by the Nickel Plate Road in connection with any route you may choose beyond Chicago. For full information write L. P. Burgess, N. E. P. A., Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

THE officers in charge of the operation of the Pacific Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, being that portion of the line between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast, are able to say that during the twenty years since the line was opened for passenger traffic they have not been required to record the death of a single passenger by accident to a train. It is doubtful if this can be said of any similar section of railway in the world.

In Memoriam

REV. BURDETT HART, D. D.

BY THE LATE GEORGE BARKER STEVENS, D. D., LL. D.
Professor in Yale University

In the death of Dr. Hart there has passed from earth one of our most venerable and honored ministers. He was born in New Britain, Ct., Nov. 16, 1821, and graduated from Yale College in 1842, and from Yale Seminary in 1846. He was installed pastor of the First Church of Christ, Fair Haven, Oct. 1, 1846. The ministry which began that day continued until 1860, fourteen years, when it was interrupted by a throat weakness from which Dr. Hart suffered more or less throughout his life.

This period of his ministry was marked by arduous labors, which under God's blessing resulted in repeated revivals and in large accessions to the church. These were years of strenuous and conscientious endeavor, in which to a great extent, the foundations of this church's present strength and prosperity were laid. This throat disability compelled Dr. Hart to relinquish his pastoral charge in 1860, and for the next thirteen years he engaged in business in Philadelphia. During the following years his zeal in Christian work was in no degree relaxed. In conjunction with others he issued an appeal to New Englanders resident in Philadelphia, urging them to plant and foster in that city the church of their fathers, and there is no doubt that he was chiefly instrumental in promoting the success of this movement.

In 1873 he was recalled to his beloved work and people in New Haven. What a tribute was this to the love and gratitude in which our brother was held! An absence of many years had not dimmed the memory nor weakened the force of his work or influence! His health renewed, he rounded out another pastorate of sixteen years, thus making a total period of service of thirty years in the active charge of this one church. During the first seven years of this second pastoral term nearly 300 were added to its membership. In 1889 Dr. Hart resigned his charge and was made pastor *emeritus*, in which relation he continued until his death.

He entered upon his heavenly life May 24, from the home of his daughter in Philadelphia, where his home had been the last thirteen years.

In 1885 Dr. Hart was elected a member of the Yale Corporation and continued in that office for fifteen years. He was a corporate member of the A. B. C. F. M. from 1876 until the time of his death.

Throughout his many years of pastoral labor Dr. Hart was busy with his pen, and the more leisurely period of his later life was marked by the publication of several volumes of discourses and Biblical studies. His was a vigorous and active intellectual life. He was keenly interested in doctrinal questions and engaged energetically in the discussion of them, maintaining with enthusiasm, but always with dignity and courtesy, those conservative views which he so sincerely cherished. His occasional publications were numerous and covered a wide range of subjects, memorial and other sermons, biographical sketches of famous preachers and Yale presidents, discussions of doctrinal and practical themes and essays on topics of ecclesiastical and civic interest. In my acquaintance with him I was always impressed with the earnestness and intensity of his religious life and convictions. His was a deep and serene faith and a yearning desire for the salvation and spiritual growth of his fellowmen.

As for himself, he was ever sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the Eternal Goodness. To this faith he gave characteristic expression in his published sermon on The Safety of the Saints. He said: "The old age of Christians is beautiful to see. Their patience and trust and fortitude, their unquestioning faith are the priceless treasures which more adorn them than gems and gold and which nothing can take from them. They are living on that their example may bless us, that their prayers may give us strength, that this world may be a little longer richer before the heavenly gates shall open to receive them. So, from the young cut off too soon, from the aged living not too long, from the soldiers in the field, from all who lay hold on the sufficient Saviour, we get the unanimous testimony of certain safety in Christ."

Of this sustaining faith, of this blessed hope of everlasting life, his own life and life work were a signal illustration. He was a good man. His life was a useful one. His work was done in the fear of God and the love of men. What more, what better, can be said of any man at his life's end than we can say of him? How tawdry are the rewards of selfish ambition compared with the memory of the just, the sincere and worthy homage with which the useful life is crowned!

Men are born again in intellectual life as well as in religion.—*L. H. Thayer.*

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The Boy and the Prayer Meeting

[Continued from page 92.]

church. Not a single one of them has ever gone from the church to the club. We have some boys in our church—a few. Some of them are working boys, too. But they're not the material for a boys' club. They don't mix with these others. They have been carefully nurtured and dutifully trained. And the consequence is they would no more think of coming to one of these Sunday meetings and kneeling down in prayer than they would think of walking from New York to Chicago before breakfast."

I suspect that the boss is a cynic. I'm sorry. He ought not to be. But there's the fact. Boys from the corner and the curbstone, who loved not the church nor regarded the Sunday school, are holding in their boys' club services which boys of better breeding and gentler parentage wouldn't lay their hand to. The big boy in the average Christian Endeavor Society is a *rara avis*. Here were big boys tumbling over each other in their eagerness to announce the hymns, to read the Bible chapter, to lead in prayer and to perform all the other functions of a prayer meeting leader save only this: "exhorting" and "testifying" were barred out. Though not by edict; for none of the eager ones had ever shown any disposition to testify or exhort. "And I'm hoping," said the boss, grimly again, "that they never, never will."

Why have I written this? Not to show any one's failure or point out any one's success; but because the boss put it this way:

"Invite those boys to come to your Christian Endeavor Society; sandwich them between some girls; urge them to 'join;' and you'll scare them out of the place. They'll go round ten blocks to avoid meeting you next time.

"But give them a meeting of their own apart from the church, in their own rusty quarters, with no conventional rules as to such absurdities as collars and neckties, soprano solos and young lady organists, and the evolution of a Christian Endeavor Society for working boys will be easy. At least, I have found it so."

From the estate of Marianne Brimmer, widow of Martin Brimmer, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts will add $1,000,000 to its capital, besides pictures and art treasures worth at least $300,000.

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There is nothing wonderful about it, only sound, scientific reason that any one can prove by trial.

Look in packages for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Gardiner and Missions to Latin America

(Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer Meeting)

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

"I am passing through the furnace, but blessed be my Heavenly Shepherd, he is with me and I shall not want. . . . I trust poor Fuegia and South America will not be abandoned." Aug. 29, 1851.

"Hope deferred, not lost." Sept. 5, 1851.

Topic, July 29—Aug. 4. Gardiner and Missions to Latin America. 2 Cor. 11: 23-30.

Who he was and what he did. Captain Allen F. Gardiner, the founder of the South American Missionary Society, was born in England in 1794. He began active service in the navy at the age of sixteen, but when forty took up his life-work, "to become the pioneer of a Christian mission to the most abandened heathen." He spent three years in South Africa, exploring and founding a missionary station at Port Natal; later he attempted to enter New Guinea, and afterwards traveled extensively in South America, finally selecting the Falkland Islands as his headquarters. He planned to bring over a few of the Fuegians or Patagonians to the islands to be taught English, and in their turn help the missionaries learn the Patagonian language. He made various excursions to Patagonia with little success but kept undauntedly on, raising money to carry on the work by occasional trips to England.

At last, in the ill-fated expedition to Spaniard Harbor, in 1851, Captain Gardiner and his companions perished of starvation, the sad story being told by diaries and letters found by the rescuing party. The flourishing South American Missionary Society, now established in Tierra Del Fuego and rapidly extending its influence elsewhere shows, however, that he "left not himself without witness."

A timely subject. It is an excellent time to take up the unfamiliar subject of South American missions in view of Secretary Root's tour and of the speedy assembling in Rio Janeiro of the commissioners from various South American states for a Pan-American Conference to which this country has also sent its special representative. As we read the dispatches telling of the progress of this conference and the outcome of Mr. Root's tour, let us have in mind the bearing of this closer fraternity upon the cause of missions. As the commercial and political ties between the United States and South America are strengthened the responsibility for Christian agressiveness correspondingly increases. Ours is the nearest continent and the people welcome the coming of United States influence. Indeed, the aspiration widely prevails there to imitate the United States and ten South American nations have already modeled their constitutions and laws on our political framework. Let us show them that the best thing to copy is our Christianity as it expresses itself in our homes, churches and educational institutions.

The novelty, variety and promise of the field. Quite likely a quarter of a century hence our churches generally will have as deep an interest in South America as they have now in India or Japan and our missions as strong a foothold. Something has been done already, but only a beginning has been made. But in the course of the next few years we may have an astonishing development of the Christian propaganda furnishing us with new heroes and heroines and resulting in great triumphs for the cross, so Gardiner and the other pioneers will not have died in vain.

Bibliography. Encyclopedia of Missions, articles on Gardiner, South American Missionary Society, Tierra Del Fuego. Adventures in Patagonia, by Titus Coan. Protestant Missions in South America, published by the Student Volunteer Movement. The Story of Commander Allen Gardiner, by Marsh and Stirling, London.

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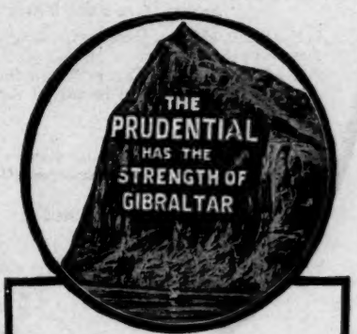

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